ADVENTURES OF EXPLORATION

BOOK IV
AFRICA

Keltie and Gilmour

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ADVENTURES OF EXPLORATION

General Editor:
ERNEST YOUNG, B.Sc.

BOOK IV

AFRICA

BY
SIR JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.
Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

AND
SAMUEL CARTER GILMOUR
Formerly Travel Editor of THE FIELD

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS, PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

THIRD EDITION

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Adventures of Exploration

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"Philips' Human Geographies"

BY

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Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

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Formerly Travel Editor of THE FIELD

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PREFACE

THE purpose of these Supplementary Readers is to quicken interest in Geography by stories of adventurous travel. They are not intended to serve as a history of exploration, but it is hoped that they will afford an idea of some of the main steps by which knowledge has been gained, first of the World as a whole, and then of the separate continents outside Europe.

In the present volume an attempt has been made to indicate the pronunciation of difficult names. This cannot be done fully without an elaborate system of diacritical marks, and even then the task bristles with problems. It is hoped, however, that even the limited guidance that can here be given will be helpful.

In the preparation of the present volume we have been specially indebted to Mr. F. R. Cana, the well-known authority on African history and geography, for much generous assistance. We are grateful also to the Royal Geographical Society for permission to reproduce portraits from the Society's collection; to Mr. Edward Heawood, M.A., the Society's Librarian, for reading the manuscript and placing at our disposal his unrivalled knowledge of geographical literature; and to Mr. A. A. Sainsbury, B.A., Headmaster of the Council School at Northwood, for reading the manuscript and giving us the benefit of his advice as a practical teacher.

J. S. K.
S. C. G.

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AFRICA

I. EARLY VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

The people of Europe knew very little about Africa until some 500 years ago. They knew that by going up the Nile from Egypt they came to Nubia, a country where negroes lived, and it was said that somewhere in that direction was a mysterious Christian kingdom, ruled over by Prester (that is, Priest) John—though others said that Prester John lived in Asia. People were interested in the stories about the Nile and Prester John, but about Central and South Africa they knew nothing and cared nothing.

After the year 1415 there came a great change. In that year a battle was fought in Morocco, at Ceuta (pronounced *Su-ta*), between the Moors and Portuguese. One of the Portuguese was Prince Henry, a son of King John I. of Portugal. Prince Henry, who was just twenty-one, fought more bravely than any one else, and for his valour he was made a knight. Three years later he went again to Ceuta to save it from being recaptured, and there he heard strange stories from the Moors about a country named Guinea. This country, he was told, lay beyond the Sahara, or Great Desert of North Africa, and was rich in gold, ivory, and spices.

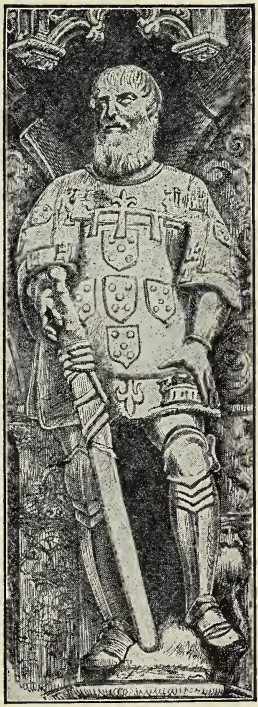


MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EARLY AFRICAN VOYAGES.

Prince Henry had already begun to send out ships on long voyages of discovery; now he determined to find out all he could about the coast of Africa. He was a very persevering man, and English people like to remember that his mother Philippa was an Englishwoman, sister to King Henry IV. He did not explore the coast of Africa himself, but he sent out gallant sea-captains to do so. On expedition after expedition they sailed along the west coast, going farther and farther south until at length they came to the land of Guinea.

In 1460 Prince Henry died, but other Portuguese sea captains continued the work that he had begun. One of the most daring of them was

Diego Cam; in 1482 he sailed beyond the Guinea coast into seas where no white man had been before. He had two ships, and with him were some Christian negroes. As a rule he kept near the coast. After a time the sailors found that a great stream of water was pushing its way into the sea from the shore, and this stream of water was fresh, not salt. It came, as Cam at once guessed, from a great river, and on a headland at the mouth of the river he put up a granite pillar, with a cross on top, which every one who came afterwards might see. There was an inscription on the pillar, claiming the land for the King of Portugal.



From Major's "Life of Prince Henry of Portugal," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

STATUE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR, AT BELEM, NEAR LISBON.

Cam sailed up the river for 100 miles; he could go no farther because of rapids in the river. He and his companions were astonished at its size, as well they might be, for it is one of the biggest rivers in the world. The natives called it the Zaire, but to-day we call it the Congo. "I will make certain that everybody shall know that we were



From a photograph presented to the Royal Geographical Society by Rev. Thomas Lewis

HOW CAM RECORDED HIS DISCOVERY OF THE RIVER CONGO.

the first to enter this great river," said Cam to himself, so on the smooth rock of a cliff he had an inscription carved in the Portuguese language. The meaning of it in English is: "Hither came the ships of the illustrious King Dom John II. of Portugal;" and there it still is for all men to read.

Cam found the people who lived on the south bank of the river friendly. Black men with frizzled hair came aboard, offering great tusks of ivory in exchange for cloth. They explained by signs that they had a king called the Lord of Congo who lived many days' journey inland. Cam sent some of his negro Christians to tell this Lord of Congo all about the white men, and while they

were away he explored the coast in his ships for some distance farther south. On his return to the Congo they were still away, so he seized some of the savages and said he would take them home to Portugal with him, but he would bring them back, and would set them free when his own negroes were safely restored to him. The savages did not like being taken away, but they could not help themselves. They were what are called hostages.

When Cam arrived home he was given high rank and honour by the King of Portugal. A year or two later he went back to the Congo, taking the hostages with him. They had been well treated and had seen many things which surprised them, especially the big houses, palaces, and churches at Lisbon, and the many ships there, as well as the fine clothes of the people. When Cam arrived at the River Congo they were sent home with rich presents for their master, the Lord of Congo, and told him of all these wonders.

Then, as on his first voyage, Cam went farther south. This time he went a very long way, and when at last he turned back he had been 1,200 miles farther along the coast of Africa than any of the other Portuguese explorers. He put up some more granite pillars to show how far he had been, and though he did not know it, he had nearly reached the south end of Africa. When you get right to the southern end you can turn east and sail to India. One of the things Prince Henry had wanted to find was the way to India by sea, and all the Portuguese sea captains were eager to make the discovery.

One of these captains, Bartholomew Diaz, was

as bold as or even bolder than Diego Cam, and very soon after Cam's ships came back to Lisbon from their second voyage Diaz set out with three small ships, determined to find the new way to India. Diaz had already been to Africa; he had taken part in an expedition to Guinea and had helped to build a fort from which the Portuguese could trade with the natives for gold and other precious things. The fort was called El Mina—that is, "The Mine"—and so much gold was obtained from the district that that part of West Africa became known as the Gold Coast; it is now a British colony.

Diaz set out on his great voyage in 1487, six years after he had been to the Gold Coast. Nowadays we should think his ships too small for a long voyage in unknown seas; but their wooden walls were strongly built, their sails were stout, and what is more important, the captain and his men were clever and courageous seamen. They sailed past Guinea, past the mouth of the River Congo, and past the farthest point that Diego Cam had reached; and still as they went they saw the coast of Africa stretching farther south. Would it ever end? Would they ever be able to turn their ships round towards India?

Then the winds grew strong, and presently there was a great gale. The storm drove their ships south; they lost sight of the land. Thirteen days later, when the storm ended, Diaz had to decide what he should do next. When last they had seen land it was on their left hand—that is, to the east; so Diaz turned his ships to the east and searched for the land. He could not find it; Africa had vanished.

Diaz, however, was not afraid. He thought, "I have come so far south that I have got beyond Africa, and if I were to keep on going east I might get to India. But I must make sure. If I am right and we are beyond Africa, then if I turn north I shall find it again." So Diaz turned his ships north, and sure enough in a few days they sighted land, not running southwards any longer, but running eastwards; it was the south coast of Africa. Presently they came to a bay and saw men on the shore, whose skin was more yellow than black (they were Hottentots), driving a large number of cattle. Because of this Diaz called it the Bay of the Herdsmen; now it is known as Mossel Bay.

Turning his ships to the east, Diaz sailed on until he was quite sure that he had rounded the south end of Africa and was really on the way to India. He would have liked to go on, but the officers and men of his ships began to grumble. "We have," they said, "done enough; we have



DIAZ SAILING INTO THE "BAY OF THE HERDSMEN."

been away from home many months, we do not know how long it may take us to reach India, or what will happen when we get there. We want to see our wives and children again; it is time we went back."

At length Diaz gave way and began the homeward voyage. This time he kept near the coast. Presently he passed a cape that stood up boldly near the most southern point of Africa, and when he had rounded the cape he steered north for home. Thinking of the tempest his ships had gone through when they were driven south, Diaz called the cape the Cape of Storms, but either Diaz himself or the King of Portugal soon afterwards changed its name to the Cape of Good Hope—and for a very good reason. The Portuguese were trying to reach India by sea, and to do that they had to go round Africa. Diaz had proved that there was a way to India by passing this cape, so that its discovery gave them "good hope."

Ten years later, in 1498–99, another great Portuguese captain, Vasco da Gama, sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and along the east coast of Africa, and from there crossed the sea to India. Diaz helped to fit out the ships with which Vasco da Gama sailed, and himself went with them part of the way. In the year 1500, when a second fleet was sent to India, he intended to go all the way. But when his ship was off the Cape of Good Hope a great storm arose; the ship was sunk, and Diaz and all his crew were drowned. So for Diaz himself it was truly the Cape of Storms.

On the east coast of Africa the Portuguese found the mouth of another big river, the Zambezi. They went up that river and built towns there,

and traded in gold and ivory with a negro king called the Monomotapa, in whose country were curious buildings made of stone. Farther north, in the country which we know as Abyssinia, they found that the king and his people were Christians, and they believed that here they had at last reached the land of Prester John. But the Portuguese did not stay long in Abyssinia; it is a rough mountainous country, and its people, though barbarous in some ways, are brave and clever. To this day they are independent, though nearly all the other peoples in Africa have been conquered by European nations.

The bold Portuguese seamen who found a way round the coast of Africa were soon followed by other white men—Dutch and French and English and Spanish. For a long time the white men did not try to go far inland; they were content to build forts and houses on the coast, where they traded in slaves and gold, ivory, spices, and other things. This went on for nearly 300 years, and during that time little more was learned about Africa than had been discovered by the Portuguese.

At length, towards the end of the eighteenth century, people became more curious about the inland parts of Africa, and since then many brave explorers have made great journeys to nearly every part of the continent. The other stories in this book will tell of the discoveries and adventures of some of these explorers.

II. WITH JAMES BRUCE TO THE BLUE NILE

James Bruce was born about 200 years ago—to be exact, on December 14th, 1730—at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling, Scotland. His father belonged to the same family as Robert Bruce, the King of Scotland who defeated the English at Bannockburn. As a small boy James was weakly, gentle, and quiet, but he grew up to be a strong, bold and daring man, six feet four inches tall, and very handsome. He was always fond of travel, and before he went to Africa he visited France, Spain, Holland, Italy, and other countries. He learned many languages, including those of the Arabs and the Moors—the inhabitants of North Africa, who were then great pirates.

Algiers, one of the chief towns of these pirates, was the first place in Africa that Bruce visited. He was sent there by the British Government as their Consul, or representative, in the year 1762. The real reason why he was sent was because he could draw very well; all over North Africa were ruins of great cities, which had been built by the Romans between 1,500 and 2,000 or more years ago, and these ruins he wanted to sketch. Before he left England he saw King George III. and promised to send the King some of the drawings

he made. He kept his promise, and many of his drawings are now in the royal library at Windsor.

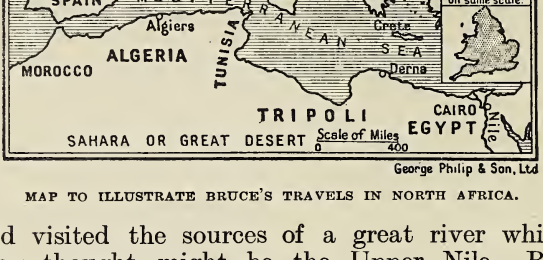
On his way to Africa Bruce saw at Naples a number of people who had been slaves in Algeria, and whose friends had paid ransom for them. When he arrived at Algiers he found there hundreds of Christian slaves, captured by the pirates. The ruler of Algeria, who was called the Dey, was a great tyrant. He had people strangled or flogged almost every day; he put the French Consul in prison in chains, and if he had not been afraid of England he would have imprisoned Bruce also.



From Head's "Life of Bruce," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

JAMES BRUCE.

Bruce stayed in Algiers over two years, doing what he could to help the British there, and then at last he had a chance to visit the ruined cities and make his drawings. He was ambitious to do more than that; he wanted to be an explorer, and to discover the source of the great River Nile, which flows through Egypt. For hundreds of years people had been trying, on and off, to find out where the river began. Many thought that its source was in Abyssinia, a very mountainous country near the southern end of the Red Sea. More than a hundred years previously two Portuguese priests, Paez and Lobo, while travelling in Abyssinia at different times,



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE BRUCE'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AFRICA.

had visited the sources of a great river which they thought might be the Upper Nile. But neither they nor any other European traveller had followed the river down to Egypt; whether it was or was not the Upper Nile was still uncertain. Bruce determined to go to Abyssinia to settle the question.

First, however, he went over a large part of North Africa, in the countries of Algeria, Tunisia, and Tripoli, visiting and making drawings of the ruined cities. He had with him some servants, an Italian who could draw even better than he could, and ten soldiers as a guard; but Bruce found that these soldiers were great cowards. Sometimes the wild Arabs attacked the party, but generally Bruce succeeded in making friends with the people. One tribe with whom he stayed spent most of their time in hunting lions, and when they had killed the lions they used to eat them. Bruce himself ate portions of three lions.

Sometimes he crossed desert tracts, which in parts of North Africa come close to the sea, and sometimes he went from place to place by ship. Once he was going to a town in Tripoli called Derna, but as he found that the people there were suffering from famine and plague he changed

his mind and went aboard a Greek ship which was going to the island of Crete. On the way the ship struck a rock near the African coast and was wrecked. Bruce managed to scramble into a small boat with a lot of other people, but the boat was nearly swamped, and calling out to the other people, "We are lost! If you can swim follow me!" Bruce jumped overboard. He was a good swimmer, and just managed to reach the shore; then he fainted.

Presently a party of Arabs came down to the shore for plunder, and found Bruce lying there. They thought from his dress that he was a Turk, and as the Arabs hated the Turks they beat him severely, stripped him naked, and left him to die. Bruce, however, saw an old Arab passing along and called out to him in his own language. When the Arabs found he was not a Turk they treated him kindly, gave him food and clothes, found his servants, who had been saved from the wreck, and next day sent them all on camels to the nearest



"BRUCE MANAGED TO REACH THE SHORE, THEN HE FAINTED."

town. There Bruce took passage on another ship, which carried him safely to Crete. He had told the Arabs that he was "a poor Nazarine Hakim (Christian doctor) who went about the world doing good for God's sake," and it was true that he knew a good deal about medicines and had often cured people by simple means.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE BRUCE'S JOURNEY TO THE BLUE NILE.

For about a year after the shipwreck Bruce travelled in Asia Minor and Syria. Then he felt the time had come for him to seek the source of the Nile. So in 1768, when he was thirty-eight years old, he went to Cairo, the capital of Egypt, which is built on the banks of the Nile. No one in Cairo could understand why any one should want to make a long and dangerous journey just to find out where the Nile began. Bruce therefore said little about his plans, but he made friends with the Bey or ruler of Cairo, whom he cured of an illness, and the Bey gave him letters telling the people to treat him well. He also had the same kind of letter from the Sultan of Turkey

and other important persons. He had plenty of money, and he had with him many handsome presents to give to chiefs and others who might help him. He had also learned the language of the Abyssinians.

On leaving Cairo Bruce hired a boat and sailed up the Nile, passing villages and groves of date palms. He stopped wherever there were ruins, and at Thebes he visited a valley where the Pharaohs, or ancient kings of Egypt, are buried in tombs cut out of the rocks. Bruce wanted to stay all night among the tombs, but the Arabs with him were frightened and told him that devils and robbers lived in them. If there were not devils, it is true that robbers lived in the tombs.

Bruce did not try to find out where the Nile began by sailing all the way up the river. Others had tried that way and had failed. He left the Nile and travelled across the desert to a port on the Red Sea called Kosseir, where he could take ship to Abyssinia. Before crossing the desert he made friends with a tribe called the Ababda, whose chief was named Nimmer, which means "The Tiger." This chief took an oath, cursing any of his tribe who should raise a hand against Bruce. Now it happened that soon after Bruce reached Kosseir a party of four hundred Ababda arrived there, bringing with them a thousand camels laden with grain for sale. Among Bruce's servants was an Arab belonging to an enemy tribe, and when the Ababda saw this man they seized him and were going to kill him. Bruce was walking by the sea at the time, but as soon as he heard what had happened he jumped on a horse and galloped to where the Ababda had taken his servant. He was



"BRUCE RODE BOLDLY AMONG THEM."

unarmed, while all the Ababda had javelins and spears, but he rode boldly among them and called out, "Are you not Ababda? Then you are my friends. How is Nimmer, and what are you doing with my servant?" The Ababda were very astonished, but when their leader, who was Nimmer's son, recognised Bruce he called him "our physician and our friend," and the servant was set free. "We keep our oath," said the Ababda.

After leaving Kosseir, Bruce did not go straight to Abyssinia but spent some time cruising up and down the Red Sea making a chart—fixing on the map the exact positions of the coast, the harbours, and the islands. He worked so hard and the weather was so hot that he fell ill and became very weak. When he landed at Jiddah, on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, he could hardly stand, and the English Agent there was shocked at his appearance. Turning to his servant the Agent said in Portuguese, not knowing that Bruce

understood that language, " Here is a poor Englishman that should be either in his bed or in his grave. Carry him to the cook and tell cook to give him as much broth and mutton as he can eat ; then put him to bed." Both the English and the Turks were greatly surprised when they found that this " poor traveller " had letters from the Sultan of Turkey, the Bey of Cairo, and other great men. These were not ordinary letters either, but beautifully written on silk. That of the Sultan had the address powdered with gold dust and was wrapped in a bag of green taffeta.

At Jiddah the Turks and English treated Bruce very kindly, and they sent messages to the chief prince of Abyssinia, who was named Ras (that is, Prince) Michael, asking him to let Bruce go where he liked. When Bruce left Jiddah the Turks fired all their cannon in his honour. This made the Governor of Massowah, a town on the African side of the Red Sea, through which Bruce had to go to reach Abyssinia, think that Bruce was a great prince. The governor was a bad man, and wanted to murder Bruce and seize his belongings, for he supposed that a prince must have a lot of treasures with him. But the governor's nephew said they had already murdered enough people, and after being kept at Massowah for two months Bruce was allowed to start for Abyssinia.

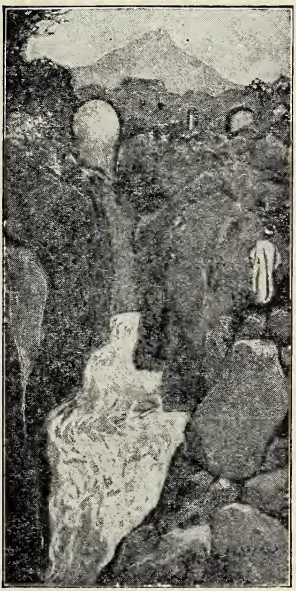
The journey was difficult, and Bruce reached Adowa, the nearest big town to Massowah, with his feet torn and bleeding. There he was kindly received by a Greek merchant, and soon afterwards he went on to Gondar, then the capital of Abyssinia, arriving there in January, 1770. The Abyssinians, though Christians and in some ways

civilised, were in other ways very ignorant. When Bruce reached Gondar several members of the royal family were ill, and as Bruce was something of a doctor he was asked to visit them. The patients recovered and Bruce stayed on at the palace, where it was part of his duty to guard the king, a young man who had to do what old Ras Michael wanted him to do. Bruce's chief friend was Queen Esther, a beautiful woman who was married to Ras Michael. He told Esther and her mother about his wish to see the source of the Nile; they knew which river he meant, and after nine months he was allowed to make the journey.

After travelling through wild country, inhabited by wilder pagans, who worshipped the river as a god, Bruce reached the spot where it began as a little stream oozing out of a green hillock. He felt great joy because he, who had seen the great River Nile at Cairo, had found, as he thought, the very spot where it began. We know now that the river whose source he had reached is not the main River Nile, but only a big tributary. It is called the Blue Nile, because in the dry season its waters are a beautiful clear blue. (In the flood season they are a dark chocolate colour.) Though only a tiny stream at first, it soon becomes a big river, passes through a large lake called Tsana, twists round to the west, rushes down the sides of great mountains, and then flows through the plains of the Sudan. Bruce visited Lake Tsana and had a swim there, in spite of the danger from crocodiles and hippopotami.

After finding the source, which he called "the fountains of the Nile," Bruce was obliged to return to Gondar, for the Abyssinians in those days were

unwilling that any white man who had come to their country should leave it again. A year later, however, he managed to get permission to go home, and he left Gondar for the last time on Boxing Day, 1771. Instead of travelling back by way of the Red Sea he went westwards through Abyssinia to the Sudan. On the way he had many adventures, hunting elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, and other wild animals. He and his party rode on camels, passing now through thick forests, now across open plains. Once they lost their way and found their water skins empty. Next day, when they came to a well, two of Bruce's followers drank so much that they died.



THE BLUE NILE NEAR LAKE TSANA.

At last the travellers came to the Blue Nile at a town called Sennar. For four months the King of Sennar would not let Bruce continue his journey, and during that time Bruce spent all his money. He wore round his neck a beautiful gold chain, and to pay his debts he had to sell 178 of the 184 links of which the chain was made. When he was allowed to leave he travelled by the side of the Blue Nile to a place where it joins another big

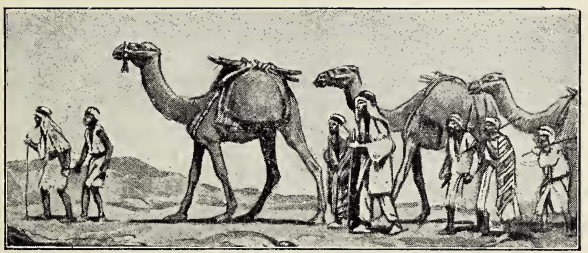
river with chalky-looking water. Bruce thought that this river was only a tributary. Really it was the main river, and its source was more than 1,000 miles away to the south, among the mountains and lakes of Central Africa. It is now called the White Nile, because of the colour of its waters, and at the place where it is joined by the Blue Nile there has grown up the famous city of Khartum.

Farther on, at Shendi, Bruce found that the country was governed by a woman, Queen Sittiana, who wore a round cap of solid gold and had her hair done in plaits which came down below her waist. At this town Bruce engaged a guide to take him to Egypt, for he had determined to cross the Nubian Desert. Beyond Shendi the Nile makes two great bends, and to follow the river would have been a much longer journey and just as dangerous. The way across the desert began at Goos, or Berber as it is now called. The way was well known, but only at a few places were there wells. Water was carried in large bottles made from skins. Altogether there were nine men in Bruce's party, and before starting they filled four large skins with water. These water skins, together with a quantity of bread (the only food they took) and Bruce's baggage, were carried by camels. The men walked, for Bruce had not enough money left to hire riding camels. They had to go for sixteen days across rocks and sand, and all of them suffered terribly from sore feet.

Often they saw great moving columns of sand which terrified them, and, what was worse, a hot wind, the *simoom*, swept over the desert, carrying

with it millions of fine grains of sand. It was certain death to breathe much of this wind; so when they saw it coming they lay down flat with their faces on the ground. At one place where they stopped, Arabs tried to steal their camels. Bruce caught one of the Arabs, and as punishment made him act as an extra guide, the Arab's left hand being chained to the arm of one of Bruce's own men. The prisoner proved to be a useful man; he bandaged Bruce's sore feet and made him sandals out of pieces of old leather.

All the party became very weak. Sometimes they had to walk thirteen hours a day in the burning sun. They could not stop, because they had so little food and water. Then the camels began to die, and at last, to give the party a chance of finishing the journey alive, Bruce had to leave all his baggage behind. He was very sorry to leave it, for it contained his drawings and notes of his discoveries, and many strange things which he had brought from Abyssinia. With only three camels left the travellers struggled on, and that night, when all was still, Bruce heard distinctly the noise of waters. It was the Nile, but they



BRUCE'S MARCH ACROSS THE NUBIAN DESERT.

had still two more days to walk before they reached the river at the town of Syene, or Assuan.

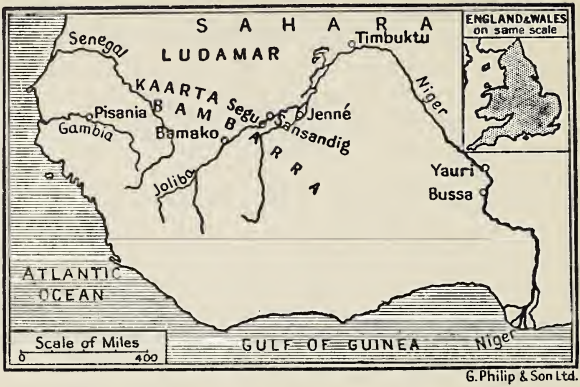
One of Bruce's party, a Turk named Ismail, went ahead while Bruce sat under some palm-trees and fell asleep. Ismail's strange appearance excited surprise in the town, and the people asked him where he had come from. He said he had come from Hell—through a desert of fire and flames. "Go," he added, "to the palm-trees, and when you find the tallest man you ever saw, more ragged and dirty than I am, ask him to come along with you to the Aga." This Aga, or Governor, of the town treated Bruce very kindly, but when Bruce said that he wanted to go back into the desert to find his baggage the Aga thought him mad. However, a week later Bruce hired some swift dromedaries, went back, and found all his baggage untouched.

As soon as he was well enough Bruce completed his journey down the Nile by boat. In January, 1773, he reached Cairo, and in March took ship to France. His journeys in Africa were over. For the rest of his life he lived mostly at his own home in Scotland, and it was there he wrote the account of his travels. His death was caused by an accident. In hurrying to help an old lady downstairs he slipped and fell on his head. That was in April, 1794. He had lived to be sixty-three years of age.

III. WITH MUNGO PARK TO THE NIGER

The wonderful journey of James Bruce, who discovered the source of the Blue Nile, made many people in England and Scotland anxious to learn more about Africa, and soon after Bruce came home a number of gentlemen met in London and formed a society, which they called the African Association, to find out all they could about the interior of that vast continent. They decided first to send out men to explore a big river in West Africa called the Niger. It was known that this river could be reached from trading posts on the Gulf of Guinea, where white men had long carried on a big trade in slaves, ivory, gold-dust, pepper, bees-wax, and other things. A large number of the slaves, who were bought and shipped to America by these white traders, came from countries through which the Niger flowed; but whether the river ran east or west, where it began, or where it reached the sea, no one knew.

The African Association was formed in the year 1788, and the first explorer that it sent to search for the Niger was an Englishman, Major David Houghton. He went by ship to the Guinea Coast and then up the Gambia River as far as he could. From the Gambia he started for the Niger, but went too far north, to the border of



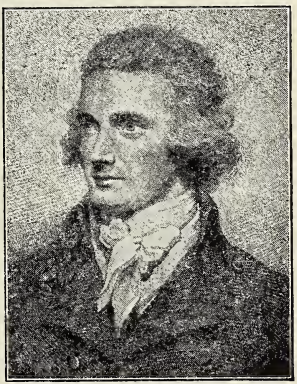
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH MUNGO PARK TO THE NIGER."

the Sahara, or Great Desert, where he was captured by the Moors—very different people from the negroes of West Africa. Houghton was either killed by the Moors or allowed by them to starve to death.

Houghton being dead, some one else was wanted to take his place. A young Scotsman named Mungo Park, a ship's surgeon only twenty-three years old, volunteered and was accepted. He left England in 1795 and, like Houghton, started by going to the Gambia river. At Pisania, 200 miles up the Gambia from the sea, where three Englishmen were living, he stayed six months. During that time he learned the Mandingo language, which most of the negroes in West Africa understood.

Then, in December, 1795, he began his search for the Niger. He rode on horseback, took very little baggage, and his only companions were two

negroes, who rode on asses. He travelled eastward, as the natives told him that that was the way to the Joliba, a word meaning "Great Water," which was the name they gave to the Niger. His way lay sometimes through cultivated land, sometimes across high hills and over rivers, and sometimes across barren lands where few people lived and water was hard to find. In many of the countries through which he passed the people had never seen a white man, but they were mostly kind to him. He lived just as the negroes did and tried to please everybody, so that he should not be hindered in his journey. But when he reached Kaarta the king of that country, whose name was Daisy Koorabarri, would not give him guides, "because," said Daisy, "I have just begun a war with my neighbour the King of Bambarra, through whose country you will have to go to reach the river."



From Mungo Park's "Travels."

MUNGO PARK

Park was very disappointed, and asked if there was not a way round. There was, but it went through the Moorish kingdom of Ludamar. Now it was these Moors of Ludamar who had captured Houghton and caused his death. Yet Park was so anxious to go on that he went to Ludamar. As he might have expected, he was



From Mungo Park's "Travels."

ENCAMPMENT OF THE MOORS WHO HELD MUNGO PARK CAPTIVE.

captured by the Moors, who half starved him, carried him about from place to place, and insulted him every day. He bore their cruelty patiently, knowing that if he resisted he would be killed. He was so miserable that he would not have minded dying, he said, but he did not want to die before he had done what he had set out to do—find the Niger.

At last, after four months, Park managed to escape. Very early in the morning, while it was still dark, he crept out of his hut without waking the guard, mounted his horse, and rode off. Soon afterwards he was followed by three Moors, and at first he thought that they were going to lead him back into captivity; but they were only robbers. Poor Park was scarcely worth robbing, but these Moors took the only thing he had of value, a long cloak, with which he kept himself warm at nights; for though the days were hot it was often bitterly cold at night.

When the robbers left him Park was in a dismal plight. Both he and his horse were almost worn out. The country was covered with scrub, but there was no water, and as the day wore on Park

suffered terribly from thirst. When night fell he was desperate—if he stayed where he was he would die of thirst. So he pushed on in the dark, driving his horse before him, while he himself walked. During the night there was a great storm. First there came a thick cloud of sand, and then the rain fell. Park spread his clothes on the ground, and as they became wet he sucked them to ease his thirst. A little before daylight he heard the croaking of frogs, and he thought it heavenly music, because it meant that water was near. He found some pools so full of frogs that he could hardly see the water. He beat off the frogs with a stick, and then both he and his horse drank the muddy water.

That day Park reached a village whose people were negroes, not Moors, and after a time he came to the real negro country again. On the whole the people were good to this strange white man, with his long beard, and skin-and-bone horse; a man who had no money, but sometimes paid for a meal by giving away a pocket handkerchief, or gained a night's lodging and breakfast in return for one of the large brass buttons he had on his waistcoat. At length he joined a party of negro merchants who were going to Segu, where the King of Bambarra lived. Now Segu was a big town built on both sides of the "Great Water," or River Niger. The night before they were to arrive there Park was so excited that he did not sleep, and he was up long before the others. They all started before daybreak, and presently they saw the smoke from the houses in Segu.

Afterwards, in a book about his travels, Park wrote: "We rode through some marshy ground,



MUNGO PARK DISCOVERS THE NIGER.

where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of my companions called out 'See the water!' and looking forward I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long sought for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster and flowing slowly *to the eastward.* I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavour with success."

It was on July 20th, 1796, that Park reached the Niger, and merely the sight of it had settled one point—that it ran eastward. He wished to follow its course down-stream as far as Timbuktu, a mysterious city about which many wonderful stories had reached Europe; but he was a stranger, without any money, and the people of Segu thought that he was a spy sent by the Moors. The King of Bambarra, whose name was Mansong, lived in a part of Segu on the other side of the river, and

would not let Park cross to that side. Instead, he ordered him to go to a village near, and Park had to obey.

No one in the village would take him in, and all day he wandered about, not knowing what to do. At sunset a negro woman saw him and had pity on him. She took him into her hut, spread a mat on the floor, and told Park that he could stay there for the night. Finding that he was very hungry, she went out and came back with a fine fish, which she cooked for his supper. There were other women in the hut, who looked at Park with astonishment until the first woman, the one who had taken pity on him, told them to get on with their work. This work was cotton-spinning, and as they spun they sang. Park, resting on his mat, listened. This is the song one of the women sang:

"The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him



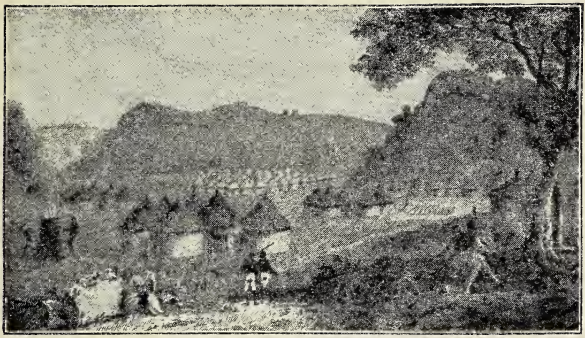
KINDLY NATIVE WOMEN BEFRIEND THE EXPLORER.

milk; no wife to grind his corn." And then all the women joined in the chorus: "Let us pity the white man; he has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn."

Two days later King Mansong sent a message to Park saying that he was to leave at once. The king also sent him a present of 5,000 little shells called cowries, which the people in West Africa used as money; 250 of the cowries were worth about a shilling. Park thought that with this money he could go at least as far as Jenné, a big town on the way to Timbuktu. He managed to go about eighty miles, sometimes walking along the banks of the Niger, sometimes travelling by canoe; but the people were very suspicious of him, his money was quickly spent, and he had to turn back without having reached even Jenné.

One day, as Park was going along a steep and rocky road, he was seized by robbers who took his horse and stripped him naked. They were leaving him in this plight when one of the robbers, less cruel than the others, gave him back his shirt, his trousers, and his hat, in the crown of which he kept the diary of his travels. After the robbers had gone Park thought that there was nothing for him to do but lie down and die. The nearest place where any Englishman lived was 500 miles away. How could he ever get back? He was hungry and had no food, savage animals and savage men were all round.

At that moment his eye fell upon a little piece of moss, about the size of a finger-tip. It looked very beautiful, with its roots and leaves and flowers, and Park felt that if God took such care of such a little thing, surely He would still take



From Mungo Park's "Travels."

A TOWN WHERE PARK STAYED ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE COAST.

care of him. So he started up and walked on, and in the evening came to a small town where the chief man received him very kindly. What is more, the chief sent after the robbers and made them give up Park's horse and all the clothes they had stolen. Not many days later Park was again most kindly treated by a negro merchant named Karfa Taura. When Park fell ill Karfa looked after him, and in the end Park went back to the Gambia with Karfa, who was going there to sell a number of slaves to the English.

Mungo Park had made a wonderful journey, which had lasted over eighteen months. He reached Pisania, on the Gambia, in June, 1797, and arrived in England in the following December, to the surprise of every one, for it was thought that he had died in Africa. Seven years later he went out again to explore the Niger, determined this time to find out where the river reached the ocean or to perish in the attempt. This second

expedition he undertook at the request of the British Government, and instead of going alone he had with him forty white men, thirty-five of them soldiers. This was a mistake, for only two or three of his companions were of any use, while he had all the extra trouble of looking after a large party.

Park started as before from the Gambia and took nearly the same route to the Niger. Presently the rainy season began—the time of the year when every day there were violent storms. The soldiers, not used to long marches in the hot, wet climate, and taking no care of themselves, caught fever and other diseases and died one after the other. Yet Park never thought of giving in, though by the time he reached the Niger at Bamako, which was in August, 1805, only eleven white men were left alive. From Bamako he went down the river in canoes until he arrived close to Segu. There he met a messenger from King Mansong, who promised to see that no one did him any harm.

Mansong, however, as on the occasion of Park's first journey, did not want to see the white man; he seems to have thought that Park might bewitch him! Park therefore went on a little farther to the town of Sansandig, and there, with the help of Bolton, the only soldier of any use, he turned two canoes into one boat 40ft. long and 6ft. broad. This he called the *Joliba.* In it he started on November 17th, 1805, to go down the river. Up to this time Park had had a very good guide named Isaacs. He now sent Isaacs back with his diaries and letters to his friends. To his wife he wrote that when he started in the

Joliba he did not intend to stop or go on shore anywhere, but would keep in the boat till he reached the ocean.

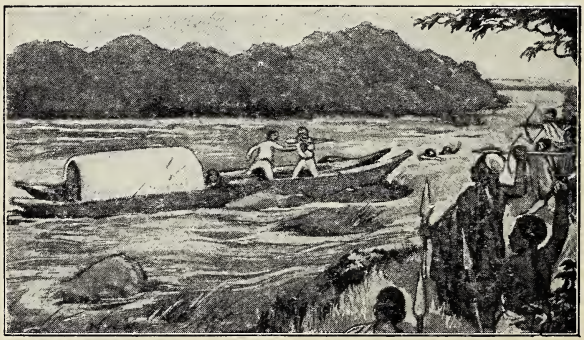
Nothing more was ever heard from Park. He had said that he would find whither the Niger went or perish in the attempt, and perish he did. When he left Sansandig there were in the boat with him an officer named Lieutenant Martyn, three soldiers, one of whom died not long afterwards, three slaves, and a guide named Amadi Fatuma. This new guide was a great traveller and knew much of the country through which the Niger flowed. When years had passed and no news had been received from Park, his first guide, Isaacs, was sent back to Sansandig. There he met Amadi, and from him learned what had happened.

Amadi said that they had gone down the river a long way; the distance was afterwards found to be nearly 1,000 miles. At various places people came out in canoes and attacked the boat, but they were all driven off, as Park and his men had plenty of rifles and ammunition. Hippos had also tried to wreck the boat. It had been a wonderful journey. Sometimes the river was over a mile wide; sometimes it split into many channels or spread out into lakes. For a long way it skirted the Sahara, then again it passed between high hills, and at places islands and submerged rocks made it difficult to find a safe channel. Park never left the boat, but sometimes Amadi went ashore to buy provisions or to take a present to a chief.

When they reached a town called Yauri, Amadi left the boat for good, as he did not know

the country farther down. He took a fine present from Park to the king of that part of the country, and bought more food for the party. Park could not get a new guide, but he determined to go on. Sixty miles lower down, at a place called Bussa, the river was broken up by many islands and rapids, and became narrow. As the boat came down to this dangerous place the people of Bussa gathered on the bank and began to throw spears and to shoot arrows at the explorers. They seem to have thought that Park was an enemy come to attack them.

Two of the slaves were soon killed. Park fired at the natives, but then had to paddle hard to try to escape. Just at that moment the boat struck on a rock, and nothing that the explorers could do would move it. All the while the natives continued to attack them, and Park and the others in the boat fired back. After a time Park saw that he could not escape in the boat. He took hold of one of the soldiers, Martyn took hold of



THE ATTACK ON MUNGO PARK.

the other, and they all jumped into the water, probably hoping to escape by swimming. But they were swept away by the strong current, and all four were drowned. The only survivor was the one slave left in the boat, and it was he who told Amadi about the fight at Bussa.

So Park died, in the year 1806, at the age of thirty-five, drowned in the great river he had discovered. Where the Niger ended did not become known until twenty-four years later. Then, in 1830, Richard Lander—of whom we shall read again in the next story—and his brother John descended the river in canoes from Bussa all the way to the Gulf of Guinea. They found that as the river drew near to the ocean it split into a number of branches, which flowed through a great swamp covered with mangrove trees and oil palms. The main branch was called the Rio, or River, Nun. White traders had been living on the banks of the Rio Nun and the other branches of the Niger for about 300 years, but no one had explored them very far, and it was not even guessed that they were the mouths of the Niger until after Park's first journey.

IV. WITH CLAPPERTON AND DENHAM IN THE WESTERN SUDAN

In the year 1821 a surgeon in the British Navy, Dr. Walter Oudney, was given the command of an expedition which was sent to North Africa by the British Government with orders to cross the Sahara and find out as much as possible about the countries on the south side of the desert, in the Western Sudan. Next to Oudney, the chief members of the expedition were another naval officer, Lieutenant Hugh Clapperton, and an army officer, Major Dixon Denham.

The starting point of the expedition in Africa was the city of Tripoli, the capital of a country which is also called Tripoli. At that time it was governed by a Turkish bashaw, or pasha as we say now. He was friendly to the British and promised to help the travellers by giving them an escort across the desert. The way was well known; every year caravans came to Tripoli from the Sudan, bringing slaves and ostrich feathers, gold dust and ivory, beautiful things made of leather, and lion skins. But it was a dreadful journey; much of the country was bare rock or loose sand where no water could be found,

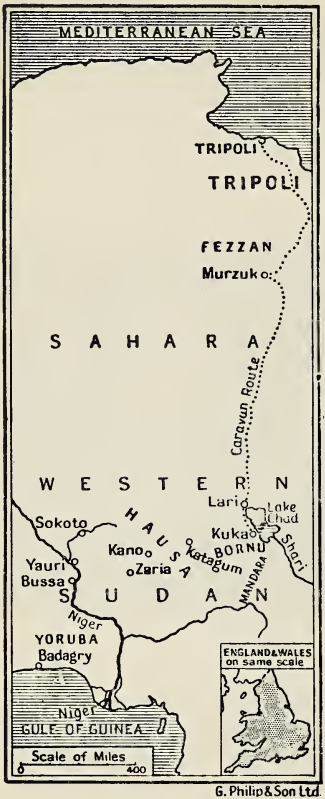
and wild tribes would often attack the caravans and kill or rob the travellers.

For some distance the bashaw of Tripoli kept the tribes in order, and Oudney and his friends arrived safely at Murzuk, a town in the country of Fezzan. Now Fezzan had water and grass and date palms, but beyond it was the worst part of the desert. When the travellers reached Murzuk in April, 1822, they were much disappointed to find that no preparations had been made to help them to cross the desert. Denham started to go back to England, to tell the British Government how the bashaw had failed to keep his promise. But the bashaw sent messengers after him and promised faithfully to do everything he wanted if only he would come back. Denham agreed to give him another trial, and this time the bashaw kept his word. A rich Arab merchant, Bu Khalum, was going to the Sudan with a large caravan and many soldiers on horseback, and the bashaw ordered him to look after the explorers. They started at the end of November, 1822, and on their way across the desert they saw many skeletons of men and camels who had died of thirst or exhaustion, or else had been killed by



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

DIXON DENHAM.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE CLAPPERTON AND DENHAM'S TRAVELS.

robbers. There were skeletons too of women and children with iron chains round their necks and legs; they had been slaves.

Beyond the desert the travellers came to a large and fertile country called Bornu. Early in February they arrived at Lari, a town built on a hill, and on looking eastwards from this place Denham saw a great lake about a mile away. "It was," he wrote, "the great Lake Chad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength." The next morning Denham went down to the lake shore. It was covered with pelicans and cranes, snowy white spoonbills, yellow-legged plovers, geese and wild duck, and many other kinds of birds—all so tame that they would hardly get out of the way. In the lake were large numbers of crocodiles; elephants waded in its waters, and lions and

panthers came down to it to drink, as did also many antelopes. In the middle of the lake were islands inhabited by savages, of whom the people of Bornu were afraid.

Bornu was supposed to be ruled by a sultan, but the real ruler was a sheikh or chieftain named El Kanem. He lived at Kuka, a town close to Lake Chad, and there the explorers stayed. On their arrival El Kanem sent a great number of soldiers on horseback to welcome the white men and the Arabs. To the surprise of Oudney and his friends these negro soldiers were dressed like the soldiers in Europe used to be dressed hundreds of years ago. On their heads they had helmets, and they wore coats of mail made of iron chains. Their horses' heads were also covered with plates of iron, brass, or silver. The soldiers carried long spears and had swords, but no guns. Some of their armour had once belonged to the Crusaders, and had reached them from Egypt and Tunis; their swords came from Malta. Afterwards Clapperton and Denham saw other soldiers who, instead of chain armour,



From Clapperton and Denham's "Travels," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

BODYGUARD OF THE SHEIKH OF BORNU.

wore very thick quilted coats, so thick that arrows and spears could not pierce them.

The Sultan of Bornu, who was only allowed to play at being king, lived at a town some distance from Lake Chad, and there the travellers went to see him. They found him in his garden, sitting crossed-legged in a sort of wooden cage with bars in front. On his head he had an enormous turban, a sort of hat made of muslin or silk twisted round and round many times. Round his middle he had a great quilt and over it ten or a dozen long silk shirts or robes. All his courtiers—there were about 200 of them—squatted on the ground with their backs to the sultan, and were dressed like their master, with big turbans and a lot of wadding round their stomachs. It all seemed very funny to the British visitors, especially as a negro giant standing near the cage kept shouting out what a great man the sultan was. But the sultan treated them very well; he sent them for dinner seventy



From Clapperton and Denham's "Travels," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

RECEPTION OF THE TRAVELLERS BY THE SULTAN OF BORNU.

dishes, mostly of mutton and poultry, and on each dish was enough for a dinner for five or six people.

El Kanem, the real ruler, and most of the people were Mohammedans, and every year he sent out soldiers to raid the pagan negro tribes for booty, chiefly slaves. Not long after the white men had reached Bornu, El Kanem asked the Arabs under Bu Khalum to raid a pagan tribe. Denham joined the Arabs. He knew their object was to rob and kill, and to take slaves, and he ought not to have gone, but he was very anxious to see the country to which the raiders were going. They travelled south to Mandara, a district where lived a sultan whose beard was dyed a beautiful sky-blue colour. It now turned out that Bu Khalum was wanted to fight, not a pagan tribe, but some people called Felatah or Fula, who were also Mohammedans. Just beyond Mandara, which was flat, Denham saw a great range of granite mountains. It was on the sides and in the valleys of these mountains that the Felatah lived.

Leaving Mandara the Arabs, who were all mounted on horses, rode up a valley between the hills. In front of one of their towns the Felatah had built a strong fence made of stakes, and as Bu Khalum and his Arabs came on they shot arrows, some of them poisoned, and hurled great spears. The Arabs drove them out and began to pursue them up the valley, but the Felatah women on the hillsides rolled down great stones. The Felatah warriors rallied, and their arrows fell so thickly on the Arabs that they in turn began to give way. Then a body of Felatah horsemen charged and the Arabs were put to headlong flight.

Bu Khalum himself was hit by a poisoned arrow in the foot.

Denham had gone with the Arabs, not to fight but to see what happened. One arrow struck him on the cheek and two stuck in his clothes, while his horse was wounded. He had to fly with the Arabs for his life. They plunged into a wood, with the Felatah close after them. Denham's horse stumbled, and before he could remount two or three Felatah came up and thrust at him with their spears. Snatching a pistol from his horse's holster Denham fired and wounded a man in the shoulder, and while the others hung back he jumped on his horse and dashed away. But soon the horse fell again, and this time the Felatah pounced on him before he could escape.

Denham's captors wounded him in the hands and in the ribs with spear thrusts, but they did not kill him, for fear of injuring his clothes, which they thought very beautiful. Instead they stripped him naked. Then they began quarrelling about his clothes, and seizing his chance Denham crept under the belly of a horse and ran as fast as he could for the thickest part of the wood. Naked as he was, his flesh was torn by thorns. Two Felatah started to chase him, but just then Denham came to a mountain stream in a hollow. He seized the branch of a tree to let himself down into the water, and as he did so a large snake uncoiled itself, as if in the very act of striking.

Horror-stricken, Denham let go the branch of the tree and tumbled headlong into the water. The shock revived him, and swimming across the river he was soon safe from his pursuers. But naked, scorched by the sun, afraid both of panthers

and snakes, he felt very wretched. Then he saw horsemen in the distance and shouted to them. They were Bu Khalum and his party. One of them, a negro named Maramy, recognised Denham, and though the Felatah were still shooting arrows at them this good fellow rode up and helped Denham to mount behind him. Bu Khalum presently noticed that Denham—whose neck and back were blistered by the sun—was naked, and ordered one of his men to give him a cloak. This was Bu Khalum's last act. Almost immediately afterwards he fell off his horse and died; the poison from the arrow which had struck his foot had done its work.



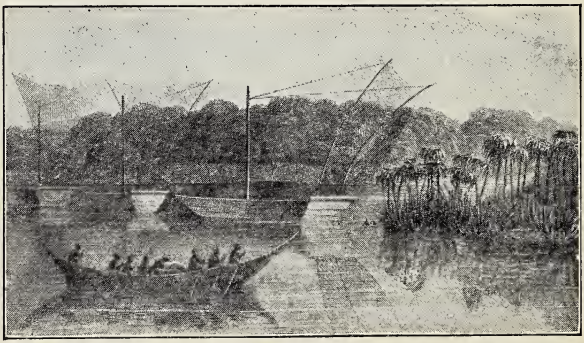
DENHAM'S ESCAPE.

Denham's troubles were not over. When the party came to a river he was so thirsty that he drank a great deal of the muddy water and then fell asleep under a tree. Some of the Arabs said, "Leave him there; why should we bother about a Christian when so many true believers [by which they meant Mohammedans] have died?" But

one answered, "No: God has preserved him, let us not forsake him;" and the negro Maramy, who said that "his heart told him what to do," took Denham on his horse again and rode on. It was past midnight when they got back to Mandara and safety. Here Denham's plight excited pity; one chief led him into a tent, and there took off some of his own clothes and offered them to the traveller. Denham refused to take them, whereupon the chief called in a slave, stripped off the slave's clothes and put them on, and then made Denham take his own.

Denham made several other journeys. He went nearly all the way round Lake Chad, and at one place he came to a beautiful river half a mile wide. It was the river Shari, which flows into the south end of the lake, and Denham was the first white man to see it.

Meanwhile, Oudney and Clapperton made a journey westward into Hausaland, a country so-



From Clapperton and Denham's "Travels," by courtesy of Mr John Murray.

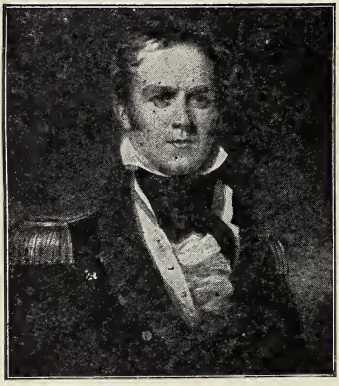
ON THE RIVER SHARI, WHICH FLOWS INTO LAKE CHAD.

called because most of the people were negroes of the Hausa race. The explorers knew from Mungo Park's travels that the Niger flowed through part of Hausaland, and they wanted to follow it to the sea. Dr. Oudney was ill with consumption, but he felt he must make the journey, and on December 15th, 1823, he and Clapperton left Kuka with a party of Arab and negro merchants. They usually rode on horseback, but sometimes on camels. They passed through pleasant country. The Hausa kept large herds of cattle, and grew wheat and other grains and also cotton. There were many villages, and a few big towns.

Katagum, which the explorers reached about a fortnight after leaving Kuka, was the strongest city they had seen since leaving Murzuk. It was built in the shape of a square and was defended by two walls made of red clay, each twenty feet high, with three deep ditches—one inside, one outside, and one between the two walls. The governor of the town received them kindly. He was a Felatah, for about twenty years before Oudney and Clapperton arrived there the Hausa had been conquered by the Felatah. The Felatah sultan was named Bello; he had heard of England and sent word that he would be glad to see the white men. But Dr. Oudney never saw him. Nearly all the sick people the travellers met asked Oudney for medicine, and he cured many of them; but he could not cure himself. One morning he was so ill that Clapperton had to help him to dress; he wanted to be lifted on to his camel, but before this could be done Clapperton saw that he was dying. Oudney was taken back into his tent, where soon afterwards he died. He was a

brave, modest, clever, steadfast man, and was only thirty-two years old. Clapperton had him buried near an old mimosa tree, and had a wall of clay built round the grave to keep off the wild beasts.

Clapperton had now to continue his journey alone. In a few days he came to Kano, a town like Katagum, only bigger, with thirteen or fourteen gates in its great clay wall, and fine houses of two stories, also built of clay. It was a great place for trade, and some of the merchants were very rich. The fashionable colour among the women was blue. They were so fond of it that not only were their dresses, which came down to their knees, dyed a dark blue, but they painted their hair, their eyebrows, their hands, their feet, and their legs the same colour.



From Clapperton's "Journal," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

HUGH CLAPPERTON.

At Kano Clapperton heard that Sultan Bello, who lived at Sokoto, was very anxious for him to come quickly. On his way he was met by 150 soldiers on horseback, whom Bello had sent to see him safely through a part of the country where there were many robbers and rebels. The way lay across some hills and through a forest in which

there was also danger from lions and elephants, and there the party travelled night and day. There was a great crowd, for a lot of people who wanted to go to Sokoto had joined the party. These people had bullocks to carry their luggage, and also camels and asses. Men, women, and children jostled one another on the narrow path, afraid if left behind that the robbers would catch them. If the soldiers had not looked after him well, Clapperton might have been trampled to death by the bullocks, which took fright and rushed past, knocking down a lot of people. And all the while the soldiers kept beating their drums and blowing their trumpets.

On March 17th, 1824, Clapperton arrived at Sokoto, another big walled town, and there Sultan Bello received him very kindly. Bello was an educated man and drew a map for Clapperton, showing the river Niger and the way it flowed to the sea. He said that from Yauri, a town on the Niger only five days' journey away, the sea could be reached in about three weeks. He also said that he would be glad to trade with the English, and would give them a town on the coast. But try as he would Clapperton could not get permission to go to Yauri, one of the last places passed by Mungo Park on his voyage down the Niger, and in the end he had to make the journey back to Bornu without seeing the river.

Soon after his return he and Denham, with a carpenter named Hillman who had built a wonderful carriage for the sheikh El Kanem, said good-bye to the Bornuese and travelled across the Sahara back to Tripoli, where they arrived in

January, 1825. When they returned to England the British Government decided to send Clapperton to Sokoto again, so that trade with the Hausa countries might be opened.

On this new expedition Clapperton had with him Captain Pearce of the British Navy and Dr. Morrison, a naval surgeon; also he took with him as servant Richard Lander, a young Cornishman. They went to the Gulf of Guinea, for from what Bello had told Clapperton they thought the Niger must reach the sea somewhere there. In December, 1825, they landed at a place called Badagry and started for Yoruba, a country on the way to Hausaland. There were many rivers running into the sea, but no one knew which was the Niger, so Clapperton travelled on land. It was a very hot unhealthy country, and in less than a month both Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison had died of fever.

Clapperton and Lander went on alone. They were treated kindly by the natives, who had traded for a long time with English merchants on the coast. On March 30th, 1826, they reached the Niger at Bussa, and here Clapperton visited the spot where Mungo Park lost his life. A few days later he crossed the Niger and entered Sultan Bello's country from the south. He came to a new big city named Zaria and thence he went to Kano, where he met his old friends. From Kano he went once again to Sokoto. Sultan Bello was now at war with the people of Bornu, and though he was still friendly with Clapperton he would not let him go back to Bornu.

While he was detained at Sokoto Clapperton became ill, and on April 13th, 1827, he died, aged

thirty-nine. After burying his master Lander was given permission by Bello to return home. He had many adventures on the way, but at last reached the coast at Badagry in November, 1827. From there he sailed back to England, but he was determined to find out where the Niger entered the sea. As we have read in the story of Mungo Park, he did this, with the help of his brother John, in the year 1830.



From Lander's "Records of Capt. Clapperton's Last Expedition."

RICHARD LANDER.

Meanwhile, Denham had been sent by the British Government to Sierra Leone (Lion Mountain), a part of West Africa so named because on the coast there is a mountain which looks like a lion's head. Here a colony of Africans who had been freed from slavery had been settled under the British flag, and Denham was sent to look after them. But on May 8th, 1828, he died of fever. So six years after they set out together from Tripoli the three men, Oudney, Clapperton, and Denham, were all dead. They had given their lives for Africa.

V. TIMBUKTU THE MYSTERIOUS

For over 400 years before Mungo Park discovered the River Niger, people in England and other countries had heard of a mysterious city in West Africa named Timbuktu, built on the edge of the Sahara near the Niger. Merchants who lived in Tangier, Algiers, and other seaports in North Africa sometimes met men who had crossed the Sahara to Timbuktu, and who described it as a very rich city. It was known that more than one Christian slave had been taken there by the Moors, but no white man had ever returned to tell what it was like.

Although Mungo Park did not reach Timbuktu he heard a great deal about it on his travels. The stories that he brought home made many people in Europe eager that some white man should go there and bring back a full account of the city. The French as well as the British wanted to learn all they could about it, for a part of West Africa called Senegal belonged to them, and they knew that to go up the Senegal River was one way of reaching the Niger and Timbuktu.

About this time there was born in France, in the year 1800, a boy named René Caillié (pronounced *Rennay Kye-yay*). He was not given much education ; at twelve years of age he had to

leave school and become an apprentice to the village shoemaker. But he was able to read, and he continued to learn all he could. He read many books of travel. The book he liked best was *Robinson Crusoe;* it made him long to have adventures like Crusoe. Then he read Mungo Park's book, and determined that he would go to Timbuktu. When he was sixteen he persuaded his uncle, who looked after him, to let him go to Senegal.



From Caillié's "Journal."

RENÉ CAILLIÉ.

For some years René lived in West Africa, working for traders, helping explorers, doing anything he could for a living, but all the time planning how he could get to Timbuktu. He wanted not only to go there but to go right across Africa, through the Sahara. The tribes who lived in or on the edge of the desert were Mohammedans, and many of them hated the Christians. René thought that if he pretended to be a Mohammedan these tribes would help him, so he spent nearly a year living with the Moors north of the Senegal River. He dressed like the Moors, learned as much of their language as he could, and studied their holy book, the Koran; in fact, he did everything possible to make the Moors believe that he really was a Mohammedan.

René wanted the French Governor in Senegal to give him money for the journey to Timbuktu, but the Governor refused. Then he went to seek help in Sierra Leone, a part of West Africa which belonged to the English, but though the English Governor gave him a situation he would not give him money to go to Timbuktu. "Don't you know," said the English Governor, "that a British officer, Major Gordon Laing, is now crossing the Sahara from Tripoli, on his way to Timbuktu?"



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "TIMBUKTU THE MYSTERIOUS."

At last, in April, 1827, René started out on his own account with such things as he could buy for £80, which was all the money he had saved. He bought mostly glass beads, scissors, coloured pieces of cloth, paper, and gunpowder, as these were things which the negroes liked, and with them he could pay for what he wanted on his journey. He dressed as an Arab, and this is the tale he told to the people whom he met:

"I am an Arab and was born at Alexandria in Egypt. When I was quite a small boy the French soldiers under Napoleon came to Egypt and fought the Arabs. They captured me and took me with them to France. I was so little that I didn't know much Arabic or much of our religion. But I always wanted to go back to my father and mother. After some years my master brought me to Africa. He treated me very well, but I longed to go home. I said to myself, if only I can reach the land of the Moors they will help me because I am a Mohammedan, and at Timbuktu they will let me join one of their caravans crossing the desert and I shall get back to Egypt. So at the first chance I left my master and started for Timbuktu."



From Caillié's "Journal."

THE TRAVELLER DISGUISED AS AN ARAB.

Of course, this was not true. René pretended it was true, because he wanted the Moors to think he was like them. Some of them thought it a very strange story, but they ended by believing it. One of René's trials was that he had to eat with his fingers, because that was how the Moors ate. They had no knives, or forks, or spoons, and if,

for instance, they had rice for dinner they would take some from the dish, roll it into a little ball with the fingers of one hand, and then throw it into their mouths. René found it very hard to do this. He excused himself by saying he had lived so long with Christians that he scarcely knew the proper way to eat.

From Sierra Leone he travelled mostly through hilly country, watered by many streams, until he came to the Niger at Kurassa, a long way up-stream from Segu, the place where Mungo Park had first seen the great river. He did not follow the Niger downwards, but continued his journey across country, walking all the way and keeping company first with one party and then with another. Some of the negroes through whose countries he passed were heathen, some were Mohammedans. Usually he was well treated, and often he was given food and lodging for nothing. At Kankan the Mohammedans doubted if he were an Arab; some traders who had been to Sierra Leone said he was very like the white men there and must be a Christian. So they held a meeting at which 1,200 people were present, and questioned him closely. He was very anxious as to what would happen to him, but he was able to make them believe that he was a Mohammedan and they let him go on his way.

Not long afterwards René fell very ill, and he had to stay for five months in a little village called Timé. He had a great sore on his foot, he caught fever and scurvy, and he thought he was going to die. A man named Baba lent him a hut, in which there was no furniture, only a mat to spread on the earth. An old negress looked after

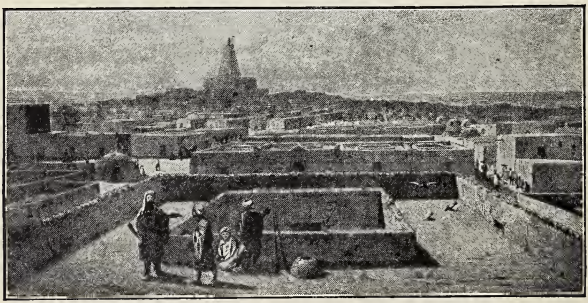
him and brought him food, for which he paid with glass beads. One day Baba came to the hut and said he had some medicine which would cure René. He gave René a piece of paper on which was written a text from the Koran, and told him to copy the text on a small piece of wood, wash off the writing with some water, and drink the water. René did not do this, but the next day he was better, and Baba thought it was the result of the medicine. In return René gave Baba a pair of scissors, and to the old negress who looked after him he gave a piece of coloured cloth with patterns of flowers on it. This delighted her very much, and her son told René that he thought none but God could have made a thing so beautiful.

In March, 1828, nearly a year after starting from Sierra Leone, René reached the city of Jenné, which is near the Niger, on a tributary of the main river, and is almost as famous as Timbuktu. The Moors living at Jenné took a great interest in his story, and gave him a letter asking a Moor at Timbuktu to help the poor traveller to get back to his family in Egypt. They also told René that Major Laing had reached Timbuktu a year and a half before, but that soon after leaving the city he had been murdered in the desert.

Jenné was a big town with a wall ten feet high all round it. The wall, like the houses, was built of sun-dried bricks made of a mixture of mud and sand. The houses were square, and nearly all of one storey only. The streets were narrow, but this did not matter, as there were no carts or carriages of any kind in the town. The people were great traders in ivory, rice, gold, honey, wax, and other things, and sent their goods down the

Niger to Timbuktu in canoes, some of which were very large. In one of these canoes René was allowed to travel. On leaving Jenné he gave the chief man of the town a present which was thought very wonderful. It was an umbrella, and no one in Jenné had seen an umbrella before.

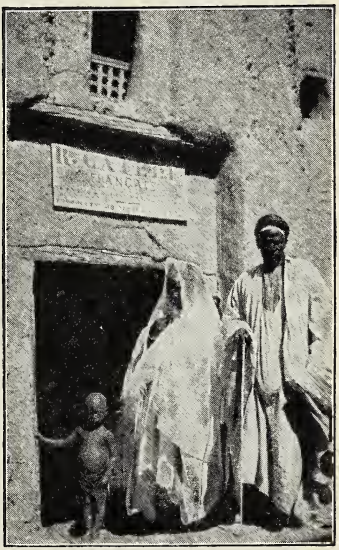
René found his life in the canoe very different from what it had been at Jenné, for the negro who was supposed to be taking care of him treated him just as he did the slaves who worked the boat. The voyage down the Niger lasted a month, and at one place the river widened out into a big lake. When the canoe arrived near Timbuktu pirates came up and demanded tribute from the captain. These pirates belonged to a negro tribe who hated Moors and Arabs. The people in René's boat thought that he was an Arab, and they were afraid they would be attacked if he were seen; so they made him go below deck, and there, nearly suffocated by the heat, he had to hide for several days, until the danger was past.



From Barth's "Travels," by courtesy of Messrs. Longmans.

TIMBUKTU.

Presently they came to a port on the north bank of the Niger called Kabra. Here René left the canoe and went on to Timbuktu, which was in the desert nine miles away. Much of the ground between Kabra and Timbuktu was marshy, and at one time the river Niger came right up to the city. René reached Timbuktu on April 20th, 1828, and stayed there a fortnight. He was disappointed in the city, which was much like Jenné, but had no wall round it, and was smaller. There were only three really big buildings in it, and they were all mosques, or Mohammedan churches. Once Timbuktu had been much bigger and more important, but the wild desert tribes had captured and plundered it. Yet the Moors who lived there still did a large trade. Goods from Europe were brought to them across the desert, and from the desert itself they got salt, which was very valuable, as no salt was found in the Sudan.



By courtesy of Mr. G. M. Haardt, Leader of the Expedition that crossed the Sahara to Timbuktu in 1922 in Citroën Motor Cars.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH CAILLIÉ STAYED IN TIMBUKTU.

The Moor to whom René had been recom-

mended received him most hospitably, and arranged that he should join a caravan going across the desert to Morocco. The caravan was taking ostrich feathers, cloth, gold, and slaves to sell at Fez and other towns. There were over 700 camels in the caravan, some loaded with goods, while others were used for riding. Most of the slaves were made to walk. Tents and food and water had to be carried, the water being kept in large bags made of skins. After a journey of six days from Timbuktu, through very dreary country where nothing grew but a few withered shrubs, another desert town, Arawan, was reached. On the way René was shown the place where Major Laing had been murdered. At Arawan more Moors joined the caravan, and when they left that place there were 1,400 camels and 250 men.

The caravan now crossed a very bad part of the desert. Much of it was nothing but sand; other parts were bare rock. For a distance of over 200 miles there was not a drop of water to be had except what the Moors carried with them. Only twice a day were the travellers allowed to drink a little out of the water-skins; and they could not afford to use any water for cooking. René suffered terribly from thirst, and he was very miserable for other reasons. Though he had paid £8 for his camel and had brought his own food and water, most of the Moors looked upon him as a beggar. One of them said he was sure René was a Christian, and he would sell him as a slave; for a Christian slave was worth ten times as much money as a negro slave. Not all the Moors were so unkind, however, and René was interested in watching how the leaders of the caravan found

their way. They had no compass, but guided themselves by the sun during the day and the pole-star at night; often they travelled at night to avoid the great heat. They noticed, too, the least little thing—a sand hill, a rock, a few tufts of herbage, the different colours of the sand; and by all these things they knew where they were.

One day there was a terrible sand storm. A great pillar of sand, whirled by the wind, struck the camp, overturned all the tents, threw the men about just as if they had been pieces of straw, and hurled them to the ground. The wind roared and was so full of sand that it was like a dark fog. No one could see anything a foot away. At length the storm passed, and eight days after leaving Arawan the caravan reached the wells of Telig. Near these wells were the famous salt mines of Taudeni, worked by negro slaves whose masters were Moors. From Telig the journey was not so hard as it had been, and at last the travellers came to oases, with real grass, plenty of water and groves of date palms. Then at Tafilelt



AFTER THE SAND STORM

they left the desert behind and the caravan broke up.

René was now in Morocco, and after crossing the great Atlas Mountains he came to the beautiful city of Fez. This was in August, 1828. His money was nearly all gone and he was almost in rags. He still pretended that he was an Arab trying to return to Egypt, for he was afraid that if the Moors knew he was a Christian they would kill him or make him a slave. He passed through Rabat and Sallee, where "Robinson Crusoe" had been a slave of the Moors, and at last came to Tangier, where there was a French Consul. In great dread of being seen, he went to the Consul's house and related the story of his strange adventures. The Consul hid him in the house and sent to France for a warship to fetch him away. When the warship arrived the Consul dressed René as a sailor, and in this disguise he was able to get on board safely. Soon he was back in France. His great adventure was over.

René would have liked to return to Africa, but his health was broken by his hardships and he died in 1838, when only thirty-eight years old. Over half a century later, at the end of 1893, another young Frenchman entered Timbuktu—not this time as a traveller in disguise, but as a military officer at the head of a few soldiers. The French flag was raised as a token of possession, and thus, sixty-five years after René's visit, Timbuktu became part of France's West African empire.

VI. WITH BURTON AND SPEKE TO THE GREAT AFRICAN LAKES

We have read in the story of James Bruce that he thought he had discovered, in Abyssinia, the source of the great River Nile, but that he was mistaken. The river he had traced to its source was the Blue Nile, which is a tributary of the main river, or White Nile. It was not until ninety years after Bruce's journey that an Englishman, James Hanning Speke, found the true source of the Nile.

Speke had had many adventures in Africa before he made this great discovery. In the year 1854, when he was a young officer in the Indian Army, he joined Richard Burton, another officer, in an expedition to Somaliland, a country largely desert, lying south-east of Abyssinia. Here, while in their tent with two companions, they were treacherously attacked by Somalis. One of their friends was killed, Speke received eleven wounds from spears, one of which went right through his thigh, and Burton had a javelin thrust through his jaws. Wounded, hungry and thirsty they were rescued by a party which landed from a ship in the port of Berbera.

Their next journey was planned by Burton, who was a very remarkable man. Once, disguised as a pilgrim from India, he had visited

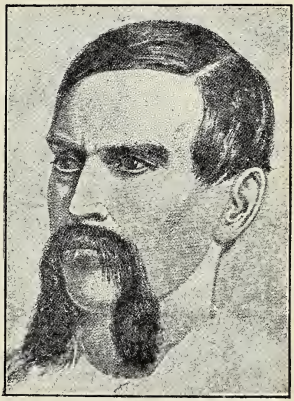


MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH BURTON AND SPEKE TO THE AFRICAN LAKES."

Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans, where no Christian is allowed, and during his journey in Somaliland he had gone to Harrar, a city where no white man had been before. This time he was going to look for the source of the Nile. In ancient times people had believed that the Nile flowed out of a great lake in the middle of Africa, and that round about the lake were mountains with silvery white tops, in colour like the moon—"The Mountains of the Moon," they were called. Later on, people had forgotten or did not believe these stories; but some years before Burton started on his new journey, Arabs from Zanzibar, who traded in ivory and slaves, had found a great lake in Central Africa, and had built on its shores a town called Ujiji

(*U-gee-gee*). Burton thought that this might be the lake from which the Nile flowed, so he determined to go there first. He asked Speke to accompany him again, and Speke was glad to do so.

Burton and Speke left Zanzibar in June, 1857. Zanzibar itself is an island about twenty miles from the coast. They crossed to the mainland and then went on foot by the same route that the Arab traders used. It led them first through a great jungle; then they had to climb up steep hills, beyond which the country was mostly level, with fewer trees but grass growing as high as a man. The natives were not very friendly, and each petty chief made Burton and Speke pay tribute. After travelling 500 miles they reached Kaze (*Kah-zay*), a town now called Tabora, where the Arabs collected slaves and ivory and kept them till they could be sent to the coast for sale. The Arab chief of Kaze, Sheikh Snay, helped Burton and Speke. Snay was a traveller, and he told the white men very interesting news. "There is more than one lake," he said, "there are even more than two; there are three. There is Tanganyika to the west, where Ujiji is; there is Nyasa, to the south; and a third lake, Ukerewe (*Oo-ke-ree-we*), bigger than the other

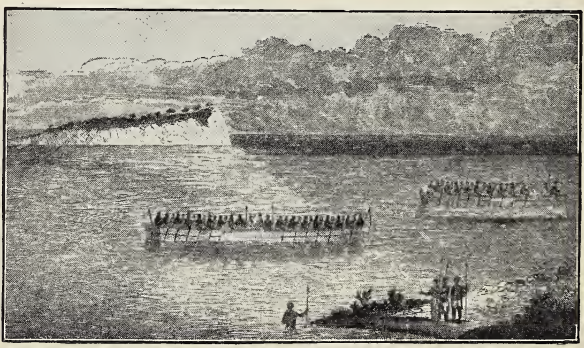


From a portrait by Desanges, presented to the explorer as a wedding gift, 1861.

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

two, away to the north. I have been there, and I know."

Burton and Speke had heard already of the lake to the south but not of the lake to the north. They went on westward towards Tanganyika, but both of them were ill. They had fever many times; Burton was half paralysed, so that for weeks he could not walk; and the glare of the sun, which shone straight down on them all day—for they were near the Equator—made Speke more than half blind. However, they reached Ujiji in January, 1858. They saw that Lake Tanganyika stretched away north and south a great distance, but they could not reach the northern end to see whether it was connected with the Nile. Far away in the north they saw big mountains, which Speke called "The Mountains of the Moon." Speke managed to get across the lake in a long canoe hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. He found the lake was from thirty to forty miles



From Burton's "Lake Regions of Central Africa," by courtesy of Messrs. Longmans

LAKE TANGANYIKA.

wide. Then he went back to Ujiji, and after a time he and Burton said good-bye to the Arab traders there and started on the return journey.

When they had gone as far as Kaze Burton was still ill, but Speke was better. While Burton stopped at Kaze, Speke started off with a few carriers to try to find the great lake to the north. He had to go across rivers and through long grass in which were buffaloes, elephants, and lions. On August 3rd he came to a hill, and from the top of it he saw a great sheet of water stretching away far to the north. It was the lake Ukerewe. In honour of Queen Victoria, Speke renamed it the Victoria Nyanza—"nyanza" being an African word which means lake. He then returned to Burton at Kaze, and together they journeyed back to Zanzibar.

After seeing the Victoria Nyanza, Speke felt sure that it was out of this great lake that the river Nile flowed. But Burton still thought the Nile flowed out of Tanganyika. Unfortunately the two explorers quarrelled, or they might have gone out together again to settle the question. As it was, Speke was chosen by the Royal Geographical Society of London to lead another expedition to find the source of the Nile. He started in October, 1860, and with him was Captain James Grant. They travelled with many servants and porters and took with them many lengths of cotton, plain and fancy cloths, coils of wire, and thousands and thousands of strings of beads of many colours. These were to be used instead of money. Then they had beautiful rifles and revolvers, gold watches and other valuable things to give as presents to the kings and chiefs. They

had their own tent, knives and forks, and even folding chairs, made of iron. The fact that they had chairs to sit upon and did not, like the natives and even the Arabs, sit on the ground, made many of the people think they must be kings, or at least great chiefs, and Speke often called himself a prince when talking with the natives.



From Speke's "Source of the Nile," by courtesy of Messrs. Blackwood.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE.

Speke and Grant went first to Kaze, where Speke met again Sheikh Snay, who had put off going to war with a native chief in order to welcome the white travellers. They saw many signs of the horrible trade of slavery. They passed through a country which had once been fertile but which the Arabs had ruined, every soldier looking out for something to catch for himself — a young woman, a boy or a girl, a cow or a goat. A young woman could be sold for enough to keep one of the negro soldiers of the Arabs for several years.

After leaving Kaze, Speke and Grant travelled through country where the Arabs were not strong enough to fight the natives and had to pay heavy tribute to their chiefs and kings. Speke and

Grant had also to pay tribute, and often there were long delays. To make matters worse, both of them fell ill. One day, however, something happened which greatly cheered Speke. A subject of Mtesa (*Um-tay-sah*), King of Uganda, brought word that the king was anxious to see Speke and Grant. This was just what they wanted, for they knew that Uganda was on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and that a great river, which they believed to be the Nile, flowed out of the lake.

To Mtesa's man Speke said: "I am a prince among the white men, and I have heard of the wonders of Uganda and the fame of Mtesa as the king of kings. All this way have I come to see him. Now take back a present to your king from me"—and he offered the man a beautiful rifle. But the man would not take it; he was afraid that Mtesa would think it was magical and meant to do him harm. Then Speke offered a fine knife and other costly presents, but still the man refused them. At last Speke pulled out a common red pocket-handkerchief worth sixpence, and this the man promised to take to Mtesa.

Before they reached Uganda Speke and Grant came to Karagwe, and the king of that country, Rumanika, was very kind to them. He told them that he had heard they were fearful monsters, not quite human. They noticed that all the princesses were extremely fat, some of them so fat that they could not walk. This was the fashion, and to keep them fat they were made to drink great quantities of milk every day. Speke saw a girl of sixteen being made to drink a large bowl of milk, her father standing over her with a rod to thrash her if she stopped drinking.

Karagwe was a very beautiful country, with forests and cultivated land, rivers, hills, and lakes. It was very high, but so near the Equator that it was not cold. Far away to the west, in the country of Ruanda, Speke saw mountains which seemed to reach the sky. They were the mountains which he had seen before from Lake Tanganyika, when he was with Burton, and which he thought must be the Mountains of the Moon. From them issued many rivers which flowed through Ruanda and Karagwe, and these rivers Speke and Grant had to cross. The biggest of them was the Kagera, and Speke rightly guessed that it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza.

At last Speke came to where King Mtesa lived. "It was," he wrote, "a magnificent sight: a whole hill covered with gigantic huts such as I had never seen in Africa before." The huts were made of grass, "thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber," and the people



From Speke's "Source of the Nile," by courtesy of Messrs. Blackwood.

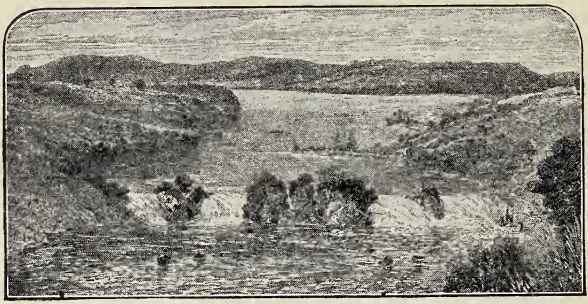
RECEPTION OF SPEKE AND GRANT BY KING MTESA.

were more civilised than most African natives. They made themselves fine dresses of cloth from the bark of trees, and cloaks of antelope skins beautifully sewn together. They had fine canoes and excellent iron pots, and they were very clever at road making.

Mtesa was delighted to have the white men come to see him; he was anxious to see all the wonderful things they had brought and to show them his own treasures. After a time Grant, who had hurt his leg and had been left behind in Karagwe, was brought to Uganda on a stretcher. Both he and Speke were anxious to continue their journey. Speke had already been on the Victoria Nyanza with Mtesa, and he wanted to travel across the lake to where he was told that a river flowed out of it—the river which he felt sure was the Nile. At first Mtesa would not let the explorers leave, and when at last he did let them go he sent them by land with guides.

It was on July 21st, 1862, that Speke reached the Nile. The scene was very beautiful; through country like an English park flowed a broad river 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with little islands on which were fishermen's huts, and rocks on which crocodiles basked in the sun, while hippos snorted in the water. The banks of the river were high and grassy, and roaming about were great antelopes of the kind called hartebeest.

Speke was delighted but not satisfied; he wanted to go up the Nile to the very spot where it flowed from the lake. As he could not get boats he marched along the river bank, and on July 28th he saw the Nile starting on its long course, not as a little stream but as a great river, breaking



From Speke's "Source of the Nile," by courtesy of Messrs. Blackwood.

SOURCE OF THE NILE IN THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

a way through the hills along the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, and pouring over rocks in a broad waterfall twelve feet high. Justly proud that he had been able to reach the place which many people for many hundreds of years had been trying to find, Speke stayed at the Nile source three days. He named the falls Ripon Falls, after the Earl of Ripon, who had been President of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was planned. He wanted to go on the lake again, but the guides sent by Mtesa would not let him do so; they thought that this strange white man would keep on wanting to see more and more places, and that they would never get home.

Meanwhile, Grant had gone to the country of Unyoro, past which the Nile flowed on its way north. The King of Unyoro, whose name was Kamrasi, was a bad-tempered man, and Grant was sent to his country by Speke in advance of the main party to try to make friends with him.

Speke, after his visit to the source of the Nile,

started to follow the river to Unyoro. After travelling for a fortnight he was able to obtain five boats to carry him and his party. He hoped that his troubles were now ended, and that all he had to do was to float quietly down the Nile. But on the second day the boats were attacked by two war canoes belonging to King Kamrasi, and though the canoes were driven off, Speke had to give up his plan of floating down the river. Once more he had to travel overland, and soon he met Grant, who had been ordered by Kamrasi to leave Unyoro.

The explorers were now in a difficulty; they would not go back, and it looked as if they could not go forward. However, Kamrasi changed his mind, and after long delays they reached his town, which was near the Nile. One excuse Kamrasi gave for his refusal to let Speke and Grant come to his country sooner was that he had heard they "ate up the hills and drank the rivers dry, and not content with that, ate the tender parts of men and women three times a day."

From Kamrasi's town the explorers went in canoes down the Nile till the river made a big bend; then they marched overland again, through very wild country inhabited by naked savages. But the savages treated the white men kindly and gave them food, though they themselves were half starved.

Speke and Grant were now getting near to where a few white men lived. The Egyptians had sent soldiers up the Nile and had conquered a good deal of the Sudan. They were followed by white traders who bartered goods with the natives, mostly for ivory. One of these traders, named

Petherick, had promised Speke and Grant before they left England that he would go up the Nile as far as he could to meet them.

One day the explorers came to a village where all the women and children fled from them in terror. The reason was seen on the next day, when they came to a camp of 200 soldiers. Mohammed, the officer in charge, tried to hug and kiss Speke, and said that he had been sent by Petherick to look for them. He was little better than a brigand, for he used to steal the natives' ivory and seize them as slaves, but after a long delay he went on with the explorers. Presently they came to the Nile again, and in February, 1863, they reached Gondokoro (*Gon-dok-or-o*), a village on the Nile where there were soldiers and white merchants. From there they were able to travel home without difficulty.

A year later, while he was at his home in Somersetshire, Speke lost his life in a very sad way. It had been arranged that he should meet his old leader, Richard Burton, at Bath and have a debate about the Nile source. The day before he was to meet Burton he went out rabbit shooting, and in getting over a low stone wall he laid down his gun. Then he took hold of the gun by the muzzle to draw it to him. The gun went off, the shot entered his chest, and in a few minutes he was dead. After surviving all the dangers of travel among savage tribes in unknown Africa, he had met his death by an accident in peaceful England. He was only thirty-seven years of age.

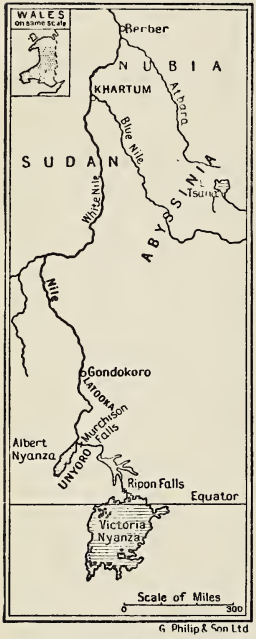
VII. WITH SAMUEL BAKER ON THE UPPER NILE

Samuel Baker was forty years old before he began his explorations in Africa. He was already known as a traveller and sportsman, and had had many hunting adventures in Ceylon. He decided to go to Africa because of the great discoveries which were being made in that continent. The first time he went there was in the year 1861. He went to Egypt, and with him he took his wife, whom he had married the year before. She was a Hungarian, a lively, determined, wise and very pretty young woman, who proved of great help to her husband.

Baker and his wife went up the Nile to Berber. Not very far from that town a river called the Atbara or Black River joins the Nile. The Atbara comes from the mountains of Abyssinia, but when it leaves the hills it crosses the great deserts of Nubia, and in the summer time the river dries up. A long line of palm trees and mimosas, crossing the expanse of yellow sand like a green thread, marks the course of the river, which flows in a wide bed between steep banks. In June, 1861, Baker camped beside the Atbara near to the tents of some wandering Arabs. The river was dry, and to get water his men had to dig in

the sandy bed. That night he heard and saw a wonderful thing.

"It was about 9 p.m.," wrote Baker, "and all were asleep in the calm of a clear starlight and cloudless night, when a peculiar sound resembling an approaching gale was heard. Great excitement pervaded the Arab camp as the cause was soon apparent; the roar increased, but it was water instead of wind! A mighty torrent came tearing along the dry sandy bed, carrying in its turbid waters the wreck of bamboos, branches, and trunks of trees. On the following morning the sight was extraordinary; the river was about ten feet deep and was filled to that depth from bank to bank—four hundred yards wide. The fluid could hardly be termed water, as it was thick like pease-soup and utterly undrinkable; this was the wealth for Egypt, hurrying on to meet the Nile twenty-five miles south of Berber." It was indeed the wealth for Egypt—for this water, when it gets to Egypt, is allowed to flow over the land, where the mud in it settles, and on the soil thus formed the Egyptians grow their crops.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE SAMUEL BAKER'S TRAVELS.

Baker spent a year in the wild country east of the Nile, exploring, learning Arabic, and making ready for a great journey he had planned. He knew that Speke and Grant were somewhere in the heart of Africa trying to find the source of the Nile, and he decided to go to look for them.

In June, 1862, Baker and his wife reached Khartum, where Musa Pasha was Governor. This man was a friend of the slave dealers and the ivory hunters who ravaged the Sudan, and he was not friendly to travellers like Baker who hated injustice and would tell the people of England what was happening. He tried his best to stop Baker from going up the White Nile, but Baker would not be stopped. The explorer was a big strong man, and very determined. He bought one large and two small sailing boats, engaged forty men to look after them, and another forty-five men as soldiers. Altogether there were ninety-six people in the party. They had on board cows to give them milk, as well as horses, camels, and donkeys to use when they left the boats.

Just when Baker was ready to start from Khartum, on December 18th, 1862, Musa Pasha sent an Egyptian on board to say that the expedition would not be allowed to leave without paying a tax. Baker replied that no tax was due; he ordered the Union Jack to be hoisted on the masts of his boats, and told the Egyptian that if he did not clear off he would throw him overboard. The Egyptian did not wait for the threat to be carried out, and Baker's boat started; but almost at once a boat belonging to Musa Pasha crashed into Baker's biggest boat, breaking the

oars. Baker asked the captain of Musa's boat, a gigantic negro, to give him new oars. The negro refused, with oaths, and like Goliath challenged any one to fetch them. This was more than Baker could bear. Stepping on to the Government boat, and brushing aside some men who tried to stop him, he gave the negro captain a good thrashing. Then he was given his new oars, and the voyage up the Nile was really begun.



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

SAMUEL BAKER.

Along the White Nile from Khartum to Gondokoro is a distance of 1,077 miles. Nowadays a steamer does the journey in a fortnight; Baker in his sailing boats took almost seven weeks. Near Khartum the White Nile is about two miles wide and there are a few hills to be seen. Farther upstream the river flows through great swamps, and Baker, who was there in the wet season, found that in places it broadened out into a big lake. Then it became full of floating islands, composed of reeds and grasses, and the channel wound about so much that, as Baker said, it resembled a skein of tangled thread.

Presently Baker came to a part of the Nile valley inhabited by tall, naked savages—the Nuers. One Nuer chief and his wife came on board Baker's boat. The man wore nothing except necklaces and bracelets, and a little bag slung over his neck by a thread. One of his bracelets was made of iron and had sharp spikes all round it, like leopard's claws. When Baker asked him what was the use of this bracelet, the chief got up, took hold of his wife, and showed Baker that her arms and back were covered with scars. He was quite proud of having clawed her like a wild beast.

Baker reached Gondokoro on February 2nd, 1863. Here the journey by boat came to an end, for beyond this point there are rapids in the river. Built on a cliff by the bank of the Nile, Gondokoro was a great change from the swamps. One day, a fortnight after Baker's arrival, there was much excitement. Every one rushed to the river bank. A party of ivory dealers was seen coming along from the south, and with them were two white men! Could they be Speke and Grant? Soon Baker recognised Speke, who was an old friend of his, and giving a loud "Hurrah!" he ran to meet the party. As we read in the last story, Speke and Grant had found the source of the Nile and were on their way home. After a few days' rest they continued their journey, going to Khartum in Baker's boats, which he no longer needed.

Baker thought at first that as the Nile source had been found he had better turn back, but Speke told him there was still a long stretch of the river to be explored. The Nile, said Speke,

in its course between the Victoria Nyanza and Gondokoro, made a great bend to the west. He and Grant had marched across the bend instead of following the course of the river; but they had been told by the natives that somewhere in the bend the river flowed through another great lake.

Baker decided that he would try to discover this lake. Then his troubles began. The slave hunters and ivory traders at Gondokoro were afraid that if he went on he would find out about their doings, so they persuaded his men to mutiny or desert, and they threatened to kill Baker if he continued his journey. One mutiny Mrs. Baker stopped by going bravely into the midst of the men when they were threatening her husband, but though they agreed to return to work, they soon mutinied again.

At last Baker found about twenty men to go with him, not along the Nile, but to the east, through a hilly country called Latooka. From Latooka he intended to turn south and make his way to the Nile again. A Turk called Ibrahim, with a large party, had also started for Latooka, and Baker knew that Ibrahim would do his best to prevent the English "spy," as the slavers called him, from continuing his journey. He was in great difficulty, for only two of his own followers were really faithful to him, and one of the two, though an honest, brave man, was a drunkard. The other, a boy twelve years old, named Saat, was both brave and clever, and was a real help.

One day, as Mr. and Mrs. Baker were riding on their horses ahead of the caravan and wondering what would happen, they saw the Turk's party

go by. Last of all, riding on a donkey, came Ibrahim. "He is going on," thought Baker, "to get to the next village before us, and he will set all the natives against us; our men will desert and we shall be left alone and helpless." Mrs. Baker had a better thought, and as Ibrahim was passing with his eyes on the ground she called out to him to stop. "Let us," she said to her husband, "try to make friends with him." Ibrahim stopped, and after some time agreed that he would not interfere with Baker's journey.



From Baker's "Nile Tributaries," by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MRS. BAKER.

Two or three days later Baker again had trouble with his men. When the time came to load the camels, the head man told Baker that none of them would follow him a step further. "Lay down your gun and load the camels," Baker commanded. "I won't," said the man. "Then stop here," cried Baker in anger, and lashing out with his right arm as quick as lightning, he struck him a terrific blow on the jaw. The man fell to the ground senseless, and the other men, frightened, loaded the camels.

Soon afterwards five or six of the men deserted and joined an Arab slave-raiding expedition. When Baker was told of this he made a speech

to the rest of his men, finishing by saying, "As for the mutineers who have joined the slave hunters, the vultures shall pick their bones." As he had said, so it happened. The Arabs who had gone slave-hunting were defeated by the natives; Baker's mutineers, who were with the Arabs, were driven over a precipice and killed, and their bodies were left for the hyenas and vultures to feast upon. When the rest of Baker's men heard of the fate of the mutineers they thought him a prophet of God.

After this Baker was able to turn to the south towards the Nile. He still had a great deal of trouble; his wife fell ill, his horses, camels, and donkeys died, and more of his men deserted. But at last he reached the Nile near the place where Speke and Grant had crossed it, and here the people thought that Baker was Speke's brother.

The party were now in Unyoro, the country ruled by King Kamrasi. For a long time Kamrasi refused to let Baker look for the lake which the



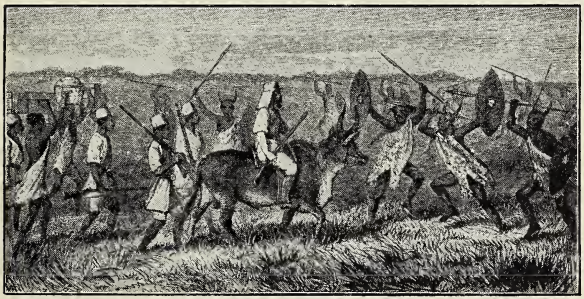
From Baker's "Albert Nyanza," by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"THE PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT BAKER WAS SPEKE'S BROTHER."

explorer had set out to find. Then one day he said to Baker, "I will send a guide to show you the lake, but you must leave your wife with me." Baker drew his revolver and told him that if he dared to repeat the insult he would shoot him dead on the spot. This frightened him, and he said, "Don't make a fuss. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you might give me yours, but say no more about it."

Afterwards Baker found out a curious thing. The chief he had met was not really King Kamrasi, but his brother. The king himself seemed to be afraid of being seen by white people, and so he made his brother pretend to be king.

Baker and his wife now started for the lake, riding on bullocks. On the way Mrs. Baker had sunstroke and nearly died. She got better, and at length, on March 14th, 1864, the party came in sight of the lake. Baker, when he made the discovery, had ridden his ox to the top of a hill.



From Baker's "Albert Nyanza," by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"THEY STARTED FOR THE LAKE, RIDING ON BULLOCKS."

The day was beautifully clear, and, as he afterwards wrote, "the glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, far beneath, like a sea of quicksilver, lay the great expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun. On the west, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to the height of about 7,000 feet above its level."



From Baker's "Albert Nyanza," by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

THE MURCHISON FALLS.

Baker named the lake the Albert Nyanza, in honour of Queen Victoria's husband. It is 100 miles long and as big as Lincolnshire. He explored it in canoes for thirteen days, and at its northern end he found that the Nile flows into it from the east and then flows out again to the north. Going up the river he came to a place where the water, raging furiously, plunged through a narrow cleft in the rocks into an abyss 130 feet below. These falls he named the Murchison Falls, after Sir Roderick Murchison, who was then President of the Royal Geographical Society.

On his return to Unyoro, Baker and his wife stayed in a small village near the Nile for two months, almost alone, both very ill and more than half starved. They were in very serious difficulties when the Turkish trader Ibrahim came to their help. Then they started back for Gondokoro. On the way the Bari negroes, who thought all strangers were slave traders, twice attacked the party, shooting at them with barbed and poisoned arrows. However, they escaped unhurt, reached Gondokoro safely, and from there set off again in a boat for Khartum.

Coming to the place where the Nile flowed through the marshes Baker found that the floating islands of reeds and grasses had joined together and had formed a dam right across the river. The Nile seemed suddenly to disappear—the dam was three-quarters of a mile long and quite firm. But underneath the dam the water rushed with great force, and Baker was told that one boat, full of ivory, had been sucked under the dam and never seen again. Baker was more fortunate; he found a little passage cut through the dam, and after two days' hard work his boat was pushed through. Unfortunately the journey through this fever-stricken marsh made the crew ill. Some of Baker's own people caught the plague, among them the boy Saat. A day or two before the end of the voyage Saat died. "Saat," wrote Baker, "was all that was good and faithful," and very sorrowfully he dug his grave in the desert by the river, for by now the dreadful marsh had been left behind.

Baker reached Khartum on May 5th, 1865, after an absence of two years and a half. When

he arrived home in England Queen Victoria made him a knight, and when the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) went to Egypt in 1867 he took Sir Samuel Baker with him. In Egypt Baker was asked by the Khedive (or ruler) of that country to go back to the Sudan, put down the slave trade, and annex the country beyond Gondokoro to Egypt. Baker accepted the offer; he was made a Major-General and a Pasha, and given soldiers and steamers and sailing-boats. For four years, with his wife again with him, he spent his time on the Nile and in the countries south of Gondokoro. He was too busy to go on exploring expeditions, but he did much good in fighting the slave traders, liberating the slaves, and teaching the negroes useful things.

Though he was always strict and greatly feared by evil doers, the natives admired him. This tall, broad-shouldered, bearded man, with his flashing blue eyes, fearless in fight, who never broke his word, was looked upon as a hero, while his wife was everywhere known to the natives as *the* lady. Thirty and more years after Sir Samuel Baker had left the Nile the natives still remembered him, and when shown his photograph cried out at once, "That's Baker Pasha."

In later years Baker travelled and hunted in many parts of the world, but at length he settled down in Devonshire, where he lived to be seventy-two years of age.

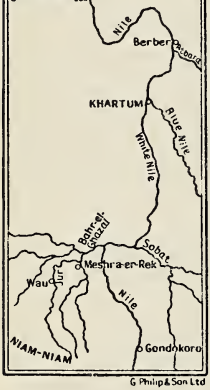
VIII. THE ADVENTURES OF THE RICH "PRINCESS"

THE exploration of Africa has not been carried out by men only; sometimes, as in the case of Sir Samuel Baker, the wife has helped her husband, and sometimes women have been the leaders of expeditions. The most remarkable of these women explorers was a young and beautiful Dutch lady, Alexandrine Petronella Francina Tinne (pronounced *Tin-neh*); usually she called herself simply Alexine Tinne.

Alexine was born at the Hague in 1839. Her father, Philip Tinne, a wealthy merchant who had lived a long while in England, died when she was only five years old, and Alexine was brought up by her mother, Henrietta, Baroness van Capellan. She learned to speak English, French, and German as well as she spoke Dutch, and later on she learned Arabic. She was adventurous as well as clever, and once she told her nephew, John Tinne, that from the time she was a little girl learning her lessons she had longed to see what there was in the great blank spaces on the map of Africa. She was fond of horses and hunting, and she rode perfectly.

In 1858, when Speke discovered the Victoria Nyanza, the great lake from which the Nile flows,

Alexine was eighteen years old. Young as she was, she had already begun to travel. Among other places she had been to Egypt, and in 1858 she went there again and made a long voyage up the Nile. When she was twenty-one years old she visited Egypt for the third time. As on her earlier journeys, her mother and an aunt went with her, and with them they took Dutch ladies' maids and other servants.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE MISS TINNE'S JOURNEYS UP THE NILE.

In January, 1862, the whole party started up the Nile from Cairo, intending to travel as far south as they could. The part of Africa south of Egypt was not well known, but it had been conquered by the Egyptians, and Alexine was able to make a journey of 2,000 miles. From Cairo the ladies went in their boats to a place called Korosko; there the Nile makes a great bend, and to cut off this bend they left their boats and crossed the Nubian desert on dromedaries, escorted by an Arab chief. Then they went on by boat again and presently arrived at Khartum, the city built at the point where the Blue Nile joins the White Nile.

After living for several weeks on a steamer which they had hired, the ladies started to travel up the White Nile in June, 1862. Every one whom Alexine met—the Egyptians, the few white men (who were either traders or missionaries), the

Arabs, and the negroes—were charmed with her. The natives looked on her as a grand princess; indeed all the Arabs believed that she was the favourite daughter of the Sultan of Turkey, and one Arab chief offered to proclaim her Queen of the Sudan. She had inherited her father's property and was very rich, and she travelled in magnificent style; she had men servants and women servants, and her steamer was furnished like a palace. She was as generous and as kind as she was rich, and she greatly pitied the black slaves. One negress, whose name was Saadah, on whom she took compassion, she bought and freed. Saadah stayed with Miss Tinne, did everything she could for her, and they became real friends.

After going up the White Nile a great distance the party came to the Sobat River, up which they steamed as far as they could. By the banks of this river they saw elephants and ostriches and many giraffes. The water of the Sobat, when it is in flood, is of a dirty white colour, being full of mud brought from the hills in the south of Abyssinia. It is because of this mud-coloured water, which the Sobat pours into the Nile, that that part of the Nile is called Bahr-el-Abiad, or the White River.

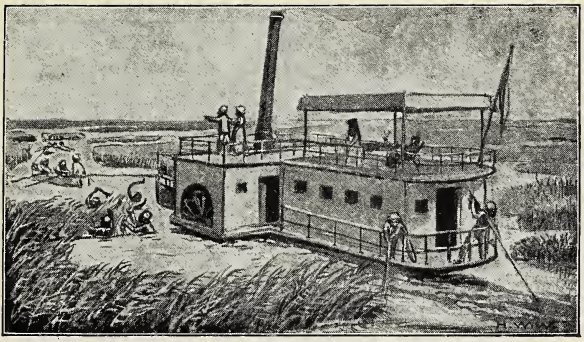
From the Sobat Alexine and her party continued their journey up the Nile to Gondokoro, where they arrived in September, 1862. Alexine went in the steamer about twelve miles beyond Gondokoro, but could go no farther because of the rapids and whirlpools in the river. Just at this time Speke and Grant were making the famous journey on which they discovered the source of

the Nile. They were expected to reach Gondokoro about the end of 1862, and Alexine hoped to be able to help them. But all the ladies fell ill with fever and were obliged to go back to Khartum.

At Khartum the Dutch ladies met Samuel Baker and his wife, who were getting ready to go up the Nile in search of Speke and Grant. Alexine was still at Khartum when Baker started, and as his boat passed her beautiful steamer his men fired a volley in her honour, while Alexine and her mother stood on the deck, waved their handkerchiefs, and called out good-bye.

Soon afterwards Alexine started up the Nile again, to explore the Bahr-el-Ghazal (which is Arabic for Gazelle or Antelope River), a stream which joins the Nile from the west. Alexine thought it might prove to be the main branch of the Nile. She wanted to find out where it came from, and to reach a hilly country of which she had heard, where there lived a war-like tribe of cannibal negroes called the Niam-Niam (*Ne-am*). This time the aunt stayed behind, but besides Alexine and her mother and their servants, black and white, the party included a Dutch gentleman, Baron d'Ablaing, and two Germans, Baron Theodor von Heuglin (pronounced *Hoy-glin*) and Dr. Hermann Steudner (pronounced *Stoyd-ner*), who had been invited to help in the exploration of the Ghazal country.

Alexine left Khartum in February, 1863, and reached the Bahr-el-Ghazal in about ten days It was a very curious stream, and the water seemed scarcely to move. The banks were low and the river was almost blocked by great masses of grass and reeds floating on its surface. Indeed, it was



TOWING THE STEAMER THROUGH THE NILE SUDD.

hard to tell which was river and which was land. The floating masses of grass and reed were called by the Arabs " sudd," a word which means a dam or block.

It was very difficult for the steamer to make its way through the sudd. Often the crew had to cut down the reeds with hatchets, so as to make a passage, and at last they were obliged to take off the paddle wheels and tow the steamer by small boats. Then, turning south from the Bahr-el-Ghazal into another river, Alexine reached on March 10th a place called Meshra-er-Rek. This was as far as the European ivory traders went, and here they had sheds and huts in which they stored the precious tusks of ivory. It was a very unhealthy spot, always very hot and very damp, and was surrounded by marshes.

Soon after the party arrived at Meshra the two Germans went ahead to make a road for the ladies. But before long Dr. Steudner fell ill, and on April 10th he died. His companion made his way back

to Meshra, and about the middle of May the whole expedition left that place. Besides servants and porters the travellers had over 100 soldiers to guard them, but these soldiers proved of very little use and were great thieves. The weather was very bad. There were continual storms, and Alexine fell ill with fever and ague; von Heuglin was also ill. Both recovered, and the journey was continued. Von Heuglin and d'Ablaing rode on mules, the European ladies' maids rode on donkeys, Alexine and her mother were carried by negroes in a kind of chair.

The weather was now better, and some of the country through which the travellers passed was very beautiful, with fine trees; some of it was marshy. They crossed a big river called the Jur, and on June 21st reached the village of Wau. Here a rascally trader named Biselli, who dealt in ivory and slaves, stopped them. He had many soldiers, and he threatened to make war on any native tribe which helped Alexine to continue her journey. This he did partly because he did not want her to find out about his dreadful slave-hunting, and partly because he wanted to rob her.

For over six months the travellers were practically prisoners of Biselli. During this time Alexine's mother fell ill, and died on July 20th. A month later one of the maid servants died, and the other maid died in January, 1864. Alexine was very lonely and sad, and though her aunt sent on more soldiers and provisions, she decided to go back. She arrived at Khartum again at the end of March, 1864, and in May her aunt also fell ill with fever and died.

Alexine never again saw the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

For the next four years she lived mostly in Egypt, in a beautiful house in Cairo, where she entertained many travellers, and did all she could to stop the slave trade. She dressed in Arab clothes, and most of her servants were negroes from the White Nile. She bought a steam yacht, and in it visited Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli, and other parts of North Africa. In 1868 she planned another expedition into the heart of the continent. Her idea was to go first across the Sahara and then eastward through some of the countries south of the desert, till she reached the Nile. No white traveller had made such a journey, and there was much to discover about the countries she hoped to visit.



From an original photograph, by courtesy of Mr. John Tinne.

ALEXINE TINNE.

Like Denham and Clapperton and other explorers, Alexine decided to start her journey across the Sahara from the city of Tripoli, and to

go first to Lake Chad by way of Murzuk, an oasis some 500 miles inland. At Tripoli she met a young German, Dr. Nachtigal, who was surgeon to the Bey (or ruler) of Tunis. Nachtigal was being sent by the King of Prussia on a mission to Bornu, which, as we read in the story of Denham and Clapperton, is a country by Lake Chad. Alexine and Nachtigal agreed to start together, but while Nachtigal's caravan was being organised at Murzuk, Alexine organised hers at Tripoli. She took great pains over the arrangements, so that everything should be as comfortable as possible on the journey across the desert. She engaged two Dutch sailors named Jacobus and Cornelius to look after her caravan, and besides Saadah she had with her several women servants from Algiers. She bought tents and horses and camels and large iron tanks to hold water. This was a thing unheard of among the Arabs and Berbers, who always carried their water in vessels made of the skins of animals.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE MISS TINNE'S LAST JOURNEY.

When all was ready, Alexine started from Tripoli in January, 1869. Nachtigal went with her, and they both arrived safely at Murzuk. There Nachtigal found that his caravan was still incomplete. While he was waiting he determined to visit the mountainous country of Tibesti, the home of a wild tribe called Tibbus.

No white traveller had ever been to Tibesti, and Alexine was anxious to go there with Nachtigal, but she was persuaded not to do so, and prepared to continue her own journey across the Sahara.

The desert country through which she had to pass was inhabited by fierce nomad tribes called Tuareg. Messengers were sent with presents to one of the Tuareg chiefs, asking him for guides, and the chief replied that he himself would meet Alexine on the way to Ghat, a town in an oasis in the desert. In the meantime he sent some guides, and the caravan went on its way until the end of July, when Alexine halted at a wadi to wait for the chief. (A wadi is a watercourse which runs through desert country and is usually dry.)

Early in the morning of August 1st, as the chief had not arrived, preparations were made to continue the journey. The Tuareg and the Arabs appeared to be quarrelling, and Alexine, who was in her tent, called out to the two Dutch sailors to take their guns and see what all the noise was about. Cornelius and Jacobus could not get at their guns, and were hustled by the Tuareg. As the noise continued Alexine came to the opening of her tent, stepped out, and held up her hand to secure silence. The next minute a Tuareg struck at her with his drawn sword and almost cut off her right hand. At the same time another native killed the sailor Jacobus by splitting open his head with a sword, while a third man sent his spear right through the body of Cornelius.

Alexine, after she had been struck, fled into her tent, and Cornelius, with the spear still in his body, followed her and fell at her feet. The Tuareg and the Arabs crowded into the tent and



TREACHERY IN THE CAMP.

killed Cornelius, while one man struck again at Alexine as if he would cut off her head. The blow was turned by her headdress and her thick hair, and though she was stunned she was not killed. She fell down unconscious, and the murderers proceeded to strip off her clothes, leaving her nearly naked. Then they dragged her out by her feet on to the scorching sand and left her there to die.

The negress Saadah, braver than any of the other followers, went out and put Miss Tinne's head in her lap, but the Tuareg soon drove her away. Presently Alexine regained consciousness and called out to her people to bring her water. No one came to her help and she lay there in the blazing sun, helpless, for seven hours, until, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she died. She was only twenty-nine. Some of her servants who were allowed to go back to Murzuk, when asked

why they did not help Miss Tinne and the Dutch sailors, declared that they could not give any help because they had no arms and the Tuareg threatened to kill any of them who left their tents.

It was found out afterwards that while Alexine was at Murzuk her iron tanks had excited a great deal of curiosity. The people did not believe that they were meant to hold water. The rich " princess," they thought, must be carrying something very precious in the tanks. " They are filled with gold," said the people one to another as they talked in the bazaars, and the Tuareg camel drivers who formed part of Alexine's caravan heard and believed the story. Their greed of gold was excited, and to get the supposed treasure they plotted with the other camel drivers and the Tuareg guides to murder the beautiful and gracious lady who had always been good and kind to them.

The Pasha of Murzuk, when he heard the news, sent out soldiers to bury the bodies of Miss Tinne and the two Dutch soldiers. Of the Tuareg no trace was found; they had disappeared in the desert, and the murderers escaped punishment.

IX. AMONG GORILLAS AND PIGMIES

Stories about races of little men—pigmies as they are called—living somewhere in Africa were told thousands of years ago, but it was not until the year 1865 that a white man found out where they lived, and what they were like. This man was Paul du Chaillu (pronounced *Shye-yuh*), an American citizen of French descent.

Before he discovered the pigmies, Paul had made another journey in which he saw and hunted the gorilla, the largest of the great apes which stand upright and look like men. Gorillas are savage and untameable animals, and they are not often seen in zoological gardens, for if they are kept in captivity they become very miserable and sullen, and usually they soon die.

Paul's father was a trader who lived for several years at a small town in West Africa. It was on the Gabun River, or rather estuary, for the Gabun is not really a river, but a branch of the sea. Paul was a small boy when he was first taken there by his father. The little fellow, who was educated by missionaries, was very sharp, and he learned a great deal both about the negroes with whom his father traded and about the strange birds and beasts in the big forests along the banks of

the estuary. When he was seventeen he went to America, where he told everybody whom he met about his life on the Gabun. Some learned men were so much interested that when he was twenty he was sent back to explore the country and to find out all he could about the wild animals.

Paul reached the Gabun again in January, 1856. The natives, who were very keen traders, were greatly disappointed when they found that he had nothing to sell and was "only a hunter," as they said, who wanted to go into strange countries. He went a little way north from the Gabun to a river called the Muni, and from there started his explorations. He had no white man with him, but he had a number of negroes, some to carry his baggage and presents for the negro chiefs, and others to help him in his hunting. Some negro women also went to cook for the men.



From du Chaillu's "Journey to Ashango-land," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

GORILLAS IN THE FOREST.

Entering a thick forest which covered the slopes of a mountain range called the Crystal Mountains, the party climbed up to a height of 5,000 feet. It was here, in August, 1856, that

Paul first saw the gorilla. There were four young gorillas together, and though he fired upon them they were not hit and escaped into the deep forest. "I felt," he wrote, "almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran —on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives." They had a strange, awful cry, something like a man crying out with fear; it was no wonder that the negroes called them "wild men of the woods."



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "AMONG GORILLAS AND PIGMIES."

A day or two later Paul reached the country of the Fans, a warrior tribe of cannibal negroes who went about almost naked. These Fans were worse than most cannibals, for they would eat the bodies of men who had died from illness, and even dig up and eat bodies which had been buried. But they were clever

in many ways, and more intelligent than the negroes who lived by the sea-coast.

The first Fans whom Paul met had never before seen a white man. He happened to be alone in the forest and had been watching a monkey perched on a high tree. Looking down he was surprised to see a man and two women standing still looking at him. They were Fans and were horribly frightened, for they thought the white man was a spirit who had come down from the sky. Paul was frightened too, till he saw that all three Fans were quaking with terror.

While he was wondering what to do, Paul's negroes came up and explained to the Fans who the white man was, and a present of strings of white beads made the women happy. After this many Fans came to see Paul, and he visited their king, who was just as naked as the other Fans; all he wore was a little cloth, made of the bark of a tree, about his middle. His body was painted red, and a pattern was tattoed on his face, chest, stomach, and back. His teeth were stained black.

While in the Fan country Paul killed his first gorilla. He and his men had gone hunting in rough hilly country, and when night came had found nothing, so they camped in the forest and started again early next day. For hours they saw only monkeys and birds; then, suddenly, they heard a noise like some one breaking down the branches of trees. As they crept quietly on they heard a great barking or roar, and out from the jungle came an immense gorilla, only twelve yards away. When he saw them he stood up on his hind legs, glared at them with his fierce grey

eyes, and remained still, except that he beat his breast with his fists. He was nearly six feet high, had great muscular arms, and his hair was a blackish brown. All the time he kept up a terrible roaring. While they stood watching, the gorilla began to move forward. Paul and his men then fired; with a groan the gorilla fell down and in a minute was dead.

After a time Paul had to return to the coast, as his men would not go any farther. Besides, he was rather afraid that the Fans might take a fancy to kill and eat him, to see what the white man's flesh tasted like! Before long, however, he was off again on other journeys up and down the coast lands; during these journeys he hunted wild hogs and great buffaloes, and shot snakes. When he was at Cape Lopez a schooner came in and took off 600 slaves who had been bought by Portuguese traders there and were being shipped to Cuba or Brazil. Now, happily, there is no slave trade with any part of America.

In 1858 Paul went on three adventurous journeys up a great river called the Ogowe (*Og o way*). Part of the way he travelled in big canoes belonging to the negroes. In the Ogowe were many hippopotami, which are great beasts that live in rivers; their name is made up of two Greek words meaning "river horses." Paul shot some of them and tasted their flesh, which was rather like coarse beef. Once he saw a fight between two hippos. He was lying hidden on the bank of the river when they rose to the surface and rushed at one another with their huge mouths wide open. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; sometimes



From du Chaillu's "Equatorial Africa," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

"HE TRAVELLED IN CANOES BELONGING TO THE NEGROES"

they sank, but came up again and renewed the fight, dashing their heads against one another. At last one of them turned tail and fled, leaving the other victorious.

None of the strange animals that Paul met, not even the serpents, were really so terrible as some of the ants. There was one kind of ant, called by Paul the Bashikouay, which marched through the forests in millions, going in regular order like soldiers, eating everything that did not get out of their way. Even the elephants and gorillas ran from them. They would swarm over smaller animals, and had been known to kill a leopard.

On one of his journeys Paul came to a large lake and found that in all the country round there were enormous numbers of india-rubber vines or creepers—that is, twisting and trailing plants from which, when the stem was cut, a thick sticky sort of liquid came out; and this, when prepared,

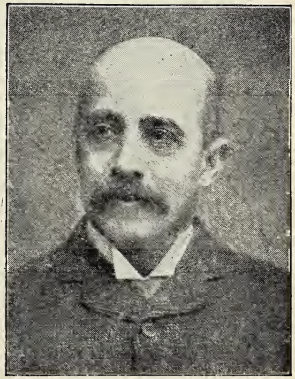
made rubber. He wanted if possible to find out where the Ogowe River began, but this he was not able to do. For a long time it continued to flow through great forests, with sometimes open land like meadows. In one part nearly all the trees were palms, from which the natives made wine. The natives, Paul said, were nearly always drunk. Then he came once more to the Crystal Mountains, where the river cut its way through the rocks in a great waterfall. He had again reached a country where the people had never seen a white man, and they thought him a spirit. They much admired his straight hair, for the negroes' hair is all woolly and curly, but they were much puzzled by his boots. They thought the boots were his feet and that he had no toes.

Paul had heard of a country called Ashango, which was said to be beyond the forest, though no one knew the way there. He heard, too, curious stories about a race of dwarfs who lived in the forest. With three men he pushed on, but there were no villages, nothing but the great, silent, gloomy forest, in which there were even very few animals. The explorers had eaten all their food, Paul had worn out his shoes, his feet were bleeding and torn, and at last he could go no farther. He had with him an American flag, the Stars and Stripes, and he told one of his negro companions to fix it on a high tree to show the farthest point he had reached. It was over 200 miles inland from Cape Lopez. Then he went back to the coast.

After he had waited at Cape Lopez for four months a small ship arrived from the Gabun. It had been sent by Paul's friends to find out if the

natives knew anything of him; they expected to hear that he was dead. Though he was not dead, he wanted a rest after over three years' travelling. So he went to the Gabun, and from there he sailed for America, where he wrote a book about his adventures.

Four years later Paul went again to West Africa. He intended to make a great journey across Africa, and he hoped to find out whether the stories about the pigmies were true. When he arrived, in October, 1863, his old friends near the mouth of the Ogowe were very glad to see him. He had brought some fine presents for the negroes, and to one king, who had been kind to him, he gave a coat like that worn by a London beadle, made of bright blue cloth, with a yellow fringe and red lining. He also gave him a splendid plush waistcoat, but no trousers and no shirt, as the king did not wear those garments!



PAUL DU CHAILLU.

A year after his arrival on the Ogowe, Paul started inland, going first in canoes up the river and then marching through the dense forests and across the Crystal Mountains. He had with him a few followers from the coast people, and he hired a large number of porters. The porters carried their loads in big baskets placed on their backs, and not on their heads, as most negroes

carry loads. Many of the tribes he met were rather frightened of Paul, as they thought the white man would bring them misfortune. At one place small-pox broke out in the village where he was staying; famine followed, and he had much difficulty in getting away, for the natives cursed Paul as the man who caused the plague. But in spite of all his troubles, he kept on.

One day, when crossing a tract of wild forest, Paul saw a cluster of small huts. They were oval-shaped, made of small branches of trees, and were not more than four feet high and four feet long. They were so small that it did not seem they could be the homes of men and women; Paul supposed they were little huts in which the people kept their idols. His porters, however, told him that the huts were those of a race of dwarf negroes called Obongos, who lived entirely by hunting, were very timid, spoke a language of their own, and only occasionally came to the villages where the people of ordinary size lived.

When he heard that these huts were the homes of the pigmies, Paul went up to them, but the Obongos had all run away and hidden in the jungle. It was not until a fortnight later (in June, 1865) that the "spirit," as many of the negroes still called Paul, first saw a pigmy. He had reached Ashango-land, which was a mountainous country about 2,000 feet above sea level, and he was told that there was a village of the dwarfs in the forest not far away. Two negroes guided him to the place, and the party went very quietly in order if possible to surprise the pigmies; but the sharp-eyed, sharp-eared little hunters found out that he was coming and



From du Chaillu's "Journey to Ashango-land," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

THE HOME OF THE PIGMIES.

most of them had disappeared when he reached their huts.

Some, however, had not had time to escape; there remained three women, one young man, and some children. They had hidden in their huts and covered the little hole which served as a door with leaves, but the two negroes with Paul persuaded them to come out by promising them strings of beautiful beads. At last they stood in front of the white man, half afraid that he would seize and eat them. They were about four feet six inches high, their skin was a dirty yellow colour, they had wild-looking eyes and low narrow foreheads, and their hair was short and curly.

After this Paul went several times to the pigmies' village, and some of the women and the young men allowed him to measure them; the tallest of them was just a quarter of an inch over five feet. The older men would never come close, so Paul could not measure them or talk to them. These Obongo dwarfs were good fishermen and very

clever in catching wild animals. They caught their prey mostly in traps, in which they took leopards, wild boars, antelopes, and monkeys. They planted nothing and lived mostly on flesh, but they also fed on roots, berries, and nuts, which they found in the forest. When they came into the villages of the ordinary-sized negroes they did so to exchange the skins or flesh of animals for cooking pots, water jars, and vegetables.

Paul could not carry out his wish to cross Africa. At a place called Muau Kombo disputes broke out between his party and the natives, and four warriors who came from another village threatened the white man and his followers. Meaning only to frighten the warriors, one of Paul's men fired his gun. The shot killed one of the warriors, and at once there was a great commotion. Paul saw that he and his men—there were seven of them—were in danger, so he gathered them together, gave them each rifles and bullets and powder, and gave also each man his load. While he was doing this the negroes were beating their war drums.

It was a stranger to the village who had been killed, and all might yet have been well had not a woman rushed out of a hut weeping and tearing her hair. She cried out that the bullet which had killed the warrior had afterwards gone through the thin wall of her hut and killed the head wife of the chief of Muau Kombo. At once all the negroes rushed for their bows and their spears, while Paul and his seven men dashed into the forest. Soon the negroes were after them, shooting their poisoned arrows and throwing their spears. Paul was struck on the finger, and one of his men



From du Chaillu's "Journey to Ashango-land," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

THE ESCAPE FROM ASHANGO-LAND.

was badly hurt in the leg by a spear. In the forest they had a chance of escape, for the negroes had to stop every time they wanted to shoot an arrow, and the trees were so thick that Paul and his men were generally out of sight of their pursuers.

After running four or five miles Paul determined to stop, and as the pursuers came up he fired his gun at a man who was drawing his bow. The shot struck the negro's right arm and killed another man standing by. Then Paul continued his flight. Presently an arrow pierced his side. Fortunately it had gone through his leather belt first, and in doing so the poison on it had been scraped off. Two or three times Paul and his men again stopped and fired at their pursuers, of whom at least two more were killed. Then they came to a place where the trees were fewer and the negroes could easily be seen a long way off; so the negroes, afraid of being shot before they were near enough to use their bows and arrows, gave up the pursuit.

Paul did not know whether the people in the next village would be peaceful, and he marched all day through the forest with scarcely a halt. At dead of night, very quietly, he and his men crept through a village. As they came to the end of the street suddenly a bright fire blazed up, and out of the darkness they heard a voice saying, "Go on, go on, there is no harm for you in my village; pass on, you will find the path smooth." The old chief of the village, who knew Paul, had lit the fire to show them the way. But Paul was half afraid that it was a trick, and he and his men went on all night through swamps and water-courses, over stony hills and thorny thickets, till they came to a field of cassava, a plant whose roots are used by the natives for making a kind of bread. Here they halted, made a fire, and roasted and ate some of the roots. It was the first food they had tasted since they had fled from Muau Kombo.

The next day they met an old chief, with a snow-white beard, who received them very kindly, and their troubles were soon at an end, except that in their flight through the forest they had been obliged to throw away most of their goods, and Paul was now a very poor man. He reached the coast in September, 1865, and there he found an English ship preparing to sail for London. Paul had no money, but the captain of the ship took him as a passenger and he left Africa, never again to make an expedition there.

X. WITH LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA

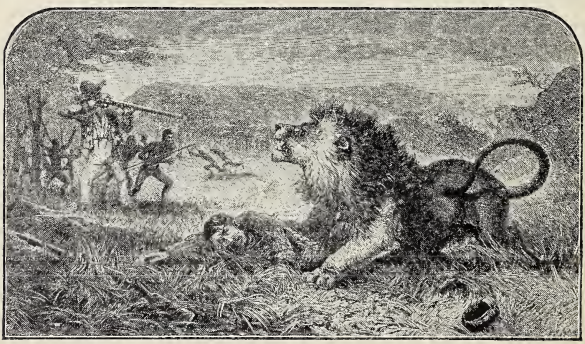
THE most honoured name in the story of the exploration of Africa is that of David Livingstone. He was famous not only for the great discoveries he made but for his noble character and his constant efforts to help the natives, to stop the slave trade, and to put in its place trade which would profit both the natives and the white man.

Livingstone began his travels as a missionary in South Africa. At first he worked with another famous missionary, Robert Moffat. Moffat was the older man, and went to Africa more than twenty years before Livingstone. In the year 1810 he settled at Kuruman, a place between the Vaal River and the Kalahari Desert, 700 miles north of Cape Town. There he taught the natives, who were a people called Bechuana. Moffat was schoolmaster, printer, gardener, blacksmith, and farmer as well as missionary, and in all his work he was helped by his wife and by his daughter Mary.

In 1841 Moffat was joined by Livingstone, who was then twenty-eight years old, and was, like Moffat, a Scotsman. The natives soon learned to love him; he learned their language and understood their ways, and many became

Christians, including some of their greatest chiefs. He was a doctor as well as a missionary, and so was doubly useful. He was also a hunter, and once when hunting lions at a place 200 miles from Kuruman he was badly mauled. For some time lions had been springing into the cattle-pens of the Bechuana and killing their cows, so Livingstone went to help the natives hunt the lions. He saw a lion sitting on a rock thirty yards away and fired both barrels of his gun. The lion, though badly wounded, sprang at him, caught him on the shoulder, and knocked him down.

Afterwards, when describing what happened, Livingstone wrote: "Growling horribly, the lion shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a sort of stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. As he had one paw on the back of my head I turned round to relieve myself of the weight." At that moment one of the natives



From Livingstone's "Missionary Travels," by courtesy of Mr John Murray.

"AT THAT MOMENT ONE OF THE NATIVES FIRED AT THE LION."

fired at the lion, which at once left Livingstone and sprang at this new assailant, whom he bit through the thigh. Then a second native, a man whose life Livingstone had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, aimed a spear at the lion, which seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. Immediately afterwards the lion fell back dead. He had been mortally wounded by Livingstone's shots, yet was so strong that in his dying rage he had been able to injure three men.

The bone of Livingstone's left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, was crushed to pieces. He had to have an artificial joint, and the arm pained him at times for the rest of his life.

A year after the fight with the lion Livingstone married Mary Moffat. In 1847 he moved to Kolobeng, and there during the dry season he and his family—he had three boys and a girl—were often short of food. Once they had to eat bran for bread, because they could get no flour. Sometimes they ate locusts, which when roasted, said Livingstone, tasted better than shrimps. The children were sometimes given a large kind of caterpillar to eat, and this they seemed to relish; but a dainty which they liked much better was an enormous frog, five and a half inches long, with hind legs six inches long. When cooked it looked like a chicken.

Some natives who had come from the Kalahari told Livingstone that in the desert was a great lake called Ngami (*N-gah me*). They also said that beyond the desert was a rich country where many people lived, and where there were so many rivers that they could not count them. Livingstone, with two English sportsmen, Oswell and Murray,



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MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA."

started in June, 1849, to find Lake Ngami. They had native guides, and it took them exactly two months to cross the desert and visit the lake. At that time Ngami was, as the natives had said, a large sheet of water, but often, after years of drought, it is almost completely dried up.

The Kalahari is not like the Sahara, for though the soil is fine white sand, it is covered with grass and shrubs, and great numbers of animals live in it—antelopes of many kinds, elephants and rhinoceroses, lions, leopards, and jackals. Here and there are a few wells, and sometimes water

is found in the bed of what was once a river, but as a rule both animals and men satisfy their thirst with water melons, which grow in the desert very plentifully. Besides a tribe of Bechuana, a very curious people called Bushmen live in the desert. The Bushmen are very wild, never grow anything to eat, and live entirely by hunting.

Livingstone wanted to visit a great chief who lived farther north, but he was not able to do so on his first journey across the Kalahari. Next year he went again to Ngami, taking his wife and children with him. As usual they travelled in an ox-waggon, while Livingstone had a horse. At Ngami the children caught fever, and once more he had to turn back. But Livingstone was a man who never gave up, so a third time he started—this time with Oswell again, as well as his wife and children.

Instead of going to Ngami, they went more directly north towards the country of Sebituane (*Seb it-u ah ne*), a chief who had conquered a large and well-watered country in the middle of Africa. After many difficulties they reached the Chobe (*Cho-bay*) River, where Sebituane's people lived, and the chief himself made a journey of 100 miles to meet Livingstone, for he had long wanted to see the "great doctor" who was so good a friend of the natives. Soon afterwards Sebituane fell ill and died. He had been very pleased to see Livingstone, and especially Mrs. Livingstone and the children, and his last words were to bid a servant "Take Robert (one of Livingstone's sons) to my wife and tell her to give him some milk."

Travelling along the Chobe, Livingstone and

Oswell came at the end of June, 1851, to a very big river, the Zambezi. Hundreds of years ago the Portuguese discovered the Zambezi where it flows into the Indian Ocean, and they went up it a long way, but the part which Livingstone reached had never before been visited by a white man. He arrived in the dry season, when the river was at its lowest, yet even here, over 1,200 miles from the sea, it was many hundreds of yards wide.

Much of the country between the Chobe and the Zambezi was swampy and unhealthy, and Livingstone determined to send his family home, so that he might be freer to carry on his explorations and try to help the natives. He took Mrs. Livingstone and the children all the way to Cape Town, and, having seen them off in a ship for England, started on his long journey back to Central Africa. After travelling for about 1,500 miles he reached the Chobe again in May, 1853, and was welcomed by a new chief, Sekeletu. This new chief, who lived at a town called Linyanti, was a son of the chief who had died during Livingstone's former visit. Like his father he was very friendly, and when Livingstone continued his journey to the Zambezi, Sekeletu went with him, attended by a large following of natives. Thirty-three canoes were collected, and the party went a long way up the Zambezi, where no white man had been before.

It was a beautiful river, in places a mile wide, but the country was still unhealthy, and on his return Livingstone decided to make a big journey westwards to the Atlantic Ocean. He left Linyanti in November, 1853, and with him went

thirty-five natives, who were eager to open up a trade route between their country and the sea coast. For three months the party travelled, sometimes through dense forest, sometimes through flooded land, sometimes over open country covered with long grass, and they crossed many rivers. They also saw some Portuguese half-breeds who had come from the west and who traded in slaves and ivory. One chief, Shinto, with whom Livingstone stayed, sent for him at night. When Livingstone reached the big hut where the chief lived he saw a girl about ten years old. "This girl," said Shinto, "I give to you; I always make a present of a little girl to my visitors." And he would scarcely believe Livingstone when the missionary told him that he did not want such a present.

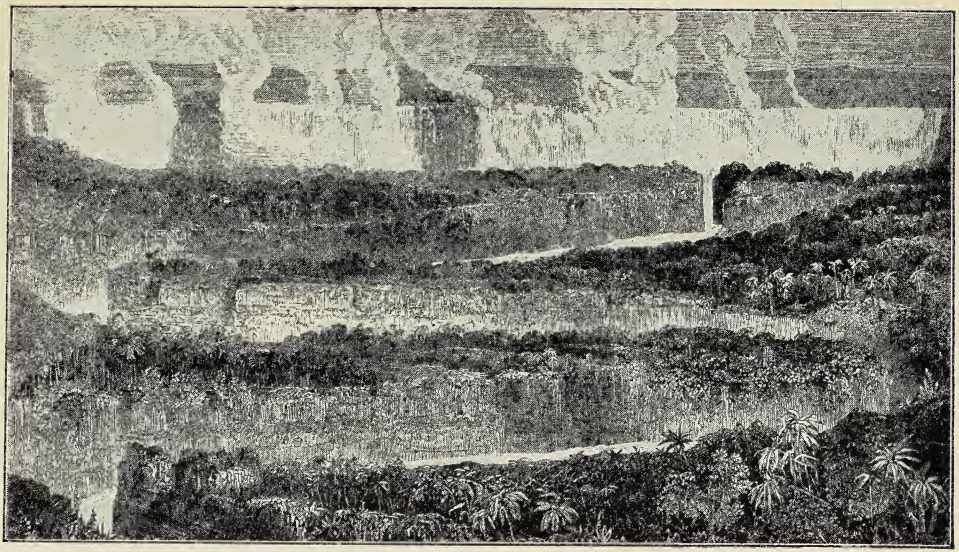
At length, in February, 1854, Livingstone reached the sea at a Portuguese town called Loanda. He was very ill with fever and could scarcely sit on the ox on which he had ridden during the later stages of the journey. The astonishment of his native companions when they saw the sea was very great. One of them was heard to say, "We were marching along with our father"—he meant Livingstone—"believing that what the old men had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'" When Livingstone took them to a British warship which was in the harbour they were delighted. "It is not a canoe at all," they said; "it is a town, and what sort of a town is it you must climb up into with a rope?"

In all his long journeys Livingstone had not

found a place where he would like to settle. He never did; he always wanted to move on to new places. That is why he has been called the Pathfinder. After a while he started from Loanda to go back into the heart of Africa. This time he went very slowly, and it was not till September, 1855, that he reached Linyanti again. Ten weeks later he began another journey. This time he decided to go east, down the Zambezi.

Less than a week after he started to descend the river he discovered that it fell over a gigantic precipice, forming the greatest waterfalls in the world. Livingstone had been told about the falls by some of the natives, who called them Mosi-oa-tunya, which means "smoke sounds there." This was because the water, while making a roaring noise as it fell, also sent up great clouds of spray, looking like white smoke. In a small canoe Livingstone was paddled to a little island on the edge of the fall. He could not see where the water went, but creeping cautiously to the edge of the island he peered down and saw the water dashing over the rocks into a seething pool, with a great wall of rock opposite. The water had forced a way through the rock and flowed down a narrow zigzag gorge in a rolling white mass. These wonderful falls Livingstone named the Victoria Falls, in honour of Queen Victoria. Now a railway bridge has been built across the gorge just below the falls, and a few miles above the falls a town has been built which is called Livingstone.

Lower down the river Livingstone found that the Zambezi again became navigable, and in time he and his men came to a part of the river where



From Livingstone's "Expedition to the Zambezi," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VICTORIA FALLS AND ZIGZAG GORGE OF THE ZAMBEZI.

the Portuguese had little towns on the banks. Once when they were marching through some wooded country not far from the river three buffaloes suddenly dashed through the line of native porters. Livingstone was riding an ox, which started off at a gallop. Looking back, he saw one of his men tossed high in the air by a buffalo, which was streaming with blood and tearing along at a great rate. When he was able to rejoin the party he learned that as soon as the buffaloes dashed into the caravan this man had thrown down his load and stabbed one of them in the side. The buffalo had turned on him, caught him on its horns, and carried him along for about twenty yards before giving him the final toss. The man had fallen on his face, yet not a bone had been broken nor had his skin even been pierced by the buffalo's horns.

At last, in March, 1856, Livingstone reached the sea again at a Portuguese settlement, Quilimane



From Livingstone's "Missionary Travels," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

"LOOKING BACK, HE SAW ONE OF HIS MEN TOSSED IN THE AIR."

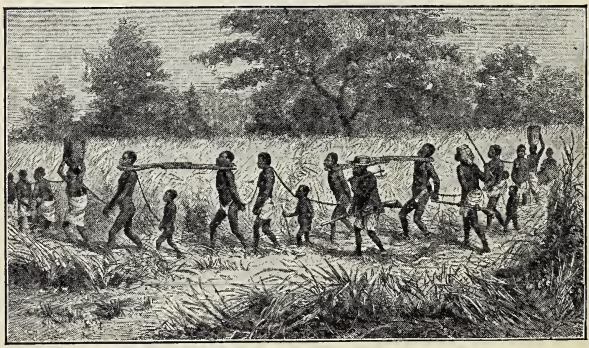
(*Ke-le-mah-nay*). He had done what no other white man had done—travelled right across Africa from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indian Ocean. Afterwards, for the first time for sixteen years, Livingstone came to England, but he had been home little more than a year before he started out again. This time he went as British Consul in Eastern and Central Africa. With him were his brother Charles, a doctor named Kirk, and two or three other white men. They went to the mouth of the Zambezi River, which was reached in May, 1858. Livingstone made many journeys up and down the Zambezi, and he visited again the Victoria Falls and the chief Sekeletu.

The expedition stayed in Africa for six years, and during that time Livingstone explored the Shire (*Shir ray*), a large river which joins the Zambezi about 100 miles from its mouth. He found that it flowed out of Nyasa, a great lake of which white men had heard but which they had never explored. It was in September, 1859, that Livingstone and Kirk first saw the waters of this lake, which is 350 miles long, from 15 to 50 miles wide, very deep, and with high mountains on either side. Much of the country through which the Shire flows is hilly, fertile, and healthy, and when Livingstone sent home news about it missionaries—and afterwards traders—went to settle there. Now Nyasaland is a flourishing country and part of the British Empire.

The first missionaries went out in 1861 under the leadership of Bishop Mackenzie. Livingstone met them and took them up the Shire, past a great swamp where there were so many elephants that they called it the Elephant Marsh. Presently

they came to the hills, and there they found that some native tribes were making war to capture slaves; that Arabs coming from the north were also slave hunting; and that agents of the Portuguese were buying slaves. The Portuguese slave dealers tried to avoid Livingstone, for they were afraid of him. They knew that he would write home about this horrible trade, which was turning a beautiful land into a wilderness, and they feared that it would be stopped and that they would lose their profits.

One day, as Livingstone was marching along, he saw a party of over eighty men, women, and children, all slaves and all heavily bound, come round the side of a hill. Black drivers, armed with muskets and bedecked with finery, were guarding the slaves, some blowing long tin horns and imagining themselves very fine fellows. But as soon as they caught sight of Livingstone and his party these warriors dashed like mad into



From Livingstone's "Zambezi," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

THE SLAVE GANG.

the forest, so quickly that all that the white men could see of them was the red of their jackets and the soles of their feet.

The poor slaves knelt down before the white men and clapped their hands for joy. Livingstone's men at once cut the thongs which bound the women and children, some of whom were not five years old. It was not so easy to free the men; each had a forked stick placed round his neck, kept in place by an iron rod across the throat, the rod being riveted at each end of the stick. Luckily there was a saw in the Bishop's baggage, and one by one the men were sawn out of captivity into freedom.

The slaves told the explorers that on the previous day two women had been shot dead for trying to undo their thongs, and one woman had had her baby's brains knocked out, because she could not carry both it and her load. A man, too, had been killed with an axe, because he was so worn out that he could not march any farther. No wonder that Livingstone was angry, but he was a very wise man and saw that the best way to stop slave-raiding was to teach the people that they would be better off by growing cotton and sugar and other things than by trading in slaves.

After he left Bishop Mackenzie, Livingstone with Kirk and his brother Charles and a white sailor went again to Lake Nyasa, and for two months, September and October, 1861, they sailed on it in a four-oared boat called a gig. Livingstone climbed the mountains which bounded the lake on the west, and when he reached the top he found the land level and healthy, so that here also white people might live. He determined to

explore it later. For the present he went back to the hot, damp, and unhealthy valley of the Zambezi, where at the beginning of 1862 he met his wife and some other ladies, who had come out as missionaries. Not long afterwards Mrs. Livingstone fell ill with fever and died (April 27th, 1862).



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society, from a portrait in oils by General Charles Need, 1864.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

In another visit to Nyasa he began to explore the country west of the lake, but then the British Government asked him to return home.

Livingstone reached England in the summer of 1864. At that time Speke had come back from discovering the source of the Nile, where it flows from the Victoria Nyanza, and Baker had discovered the Albert Nyanza; but many people thought that there was another branch or source of the Nile still to be found, and Livingstone came to think that this was possible. In 1866 he went back to Africa, eager to make new journeys into the unknown heart of the continent, and help the natives. This time he started from a little port north of the Zambezi. He travelled to the south end of Lake Nyasa and from there went up its

west side, through the fine healthy country he had seen on his previous journey. Then he came to a river called the Chambezi, which flowed neither into Lake Nyasa nor to the Zambezi, but away to the west. Where did it go? That was the question which Livingstone set himself to answer. For three years he travelled up and down the country, going both west and north, and by the beginning of 1869 this is what he had discovered:

The Chambezi River flowed into a vast swamp, and by this swamp was a big lake, Bangweolo. From the opposite side of the swamp flowed a big river, which went north into another lake called Mweru. The river flowed out of this lake, and, joined by other rivers, it still went north and was called the Lualaba.

More than one Portuguese traveller had been over some of the ground before, but in nearly every case Livingstone was the first white man to find these lakes and rivers. He thought that the Lualaba might be a new branch of the Nile. Really it is the upper part of the Congo—which is one of the largest rivers in the world. At one time Livingstone wondered whether the Lualaba was the Upper Congo, but he hoped it would prove to be the Nile.

On this journey Livingstone had no white men with him and most of his native followers deserted, so that after a time only five or six men were left. These few, however, were very faithful. Often he saw things that made him very sad. All through the country between the Lualaba and Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika parties of Arabs were going about seizing the natives as slaves. Livingstone met many of these Arabs, but though

they knew he hated their ways they were always very kind to him. Presently he went to Ujiji, the town on Lake Tanganyika where Burton and Speke had been in 1858. Then from Ujiji he went through a country inhabited by cannibals back to the Lualaba.

One day at a town called Nyangwe, on the river, some Arab traders came suddenly into the market place. A native had cheated them, they said, and they began firing on the crowd, shooting down hundreds of men, women, and children. It was an awful sight, and Livingstone wrote in his diary that he felt he was in hell. The natives could do nothing then, but when Livingstone was on his way back to Ujiji and marching through a forest they attacked him. It was the only time the natives ever attacked Livingstone, and then it was by mistake, for they thought he was one of the Arab slavers. The natives hid in the dense forest, and as Livingstone and his men passed along they shot poisoned arrows and threw spears at the party. This lasted for five hours, but fortunately Livingstone was not hit and only one of his men was struck.

Livingstone reached Ujiji again in October, 1871, very ill and worn out. He had been away from England for six years, travelling in unknown country from which he could not send letters home, and the people both in England and in America did not know what had become of him. About this time a young journalist named Stanley had been sent out to "find Livingstone," and less than a week after Livingstone returned to Ujiji Stanley reached that place from Zanzibar, bringing with him medicines and supplies. The travellers



From Stanley's "How I found Livingstone," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"

met in the town, and Stanley, taking off his hat, said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Livingstone was delighted to see a white man again. "My appetite returned," he wrote; "I ate four meals a day, and in a week began to feel strong." Together Livingstone and Stanley explored the north end of Lake Tanganyika, and found that, like Lake Nyasa, it had no connection with the Nile. This made Livingstone believe all the more that the Lualaba might be the Nile. After spending five months with Livingstone Stanley went back to Zanzibar, and from there he sent to Livingstone more stores and native porters.

In August, 1872, Livingstone started off again, along the east side of Tanganyika and then to Lake Bangweolo, hoping to find the source of the river which he thought might be the Nile. Much

of the country round Bangweolo is like a great sponge, in part covered with trees; it is very hot and unhealthy, and Livingstone became so ill that his men had to carry him. At last he could go no farther. He slept in a little tent by himself, and one morning—it was May 1st, 1873—when his men went into the tent they found him kneeling by his bed. He was dead.

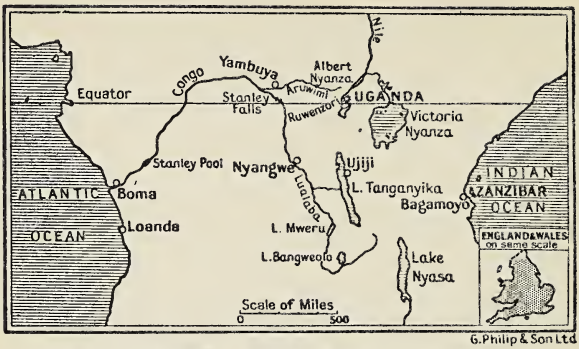
So passed away Livingstone, the noblest of African explorers—"the great master," as he was called by the negroes; the "very great doctor," as the Arabs called him. His faithful followers decided to take the body to Zanzibar. They preserved it as well as they could and reverently wrapped it in cloths. Then, after cutting an inscription on a big tree which grew near the spot where he died, very carefully they carried the body back to the coast, over 1,000 miles, and with it all Livingstone's diaries. From Zanzibar the body was brought across the seas to England, and on April 18th, 1874, Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, where kings and princes, great poets and lawyers, soldiers and statesmen, have their last resting-place. It was the nation's tribute to one of her greatest sons.

Africa too joined in the tribute. Some of Livingstone's native followers had accompanied the body of their master to England, and they stood, along with Englishmen, beside the grave of the man who had spent his life in the service of Africa.

XI. WITH STANLEY DOWN THE CONGO

Henry M. Stanley, who went to Central Africa in 1871 to find out what had happened to Dr. Livingstone, himself became one of the most famous of African explorers as a result of his meeting with the great missionary-traveller. Stanley was a Welshman. He was born in 1840, and his original name was John Rowlands. He was sent to a workhouse school, but ran away and went as a cabin boy to America. There he met a gentleman, Henry Morton Stanley, who befriended him, and afterwards he changed his name to that of his benefactor. When he grew up he became a journalist, and a well-known American newspaper, the *New York Herald*, sent him to many parts of the world to write about wars and describe strange places. It was the owner of that newspaper, Mr. Gordon Bennett, who told him to "find Livingstone."

While Stanley and Livingstone were together in Central Africa the young newspaper correspondent learned to love and admire the veteran explorer, and when he heard, more than two years later, of Livingstone's death, he resolved to continue the work of exploration that Livingstone had been doing. In particular he determined to



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH STANLEY DOWN THE CONGO."

explore the river Lualaba, which Livingstone had discovered, and find out whether or not it flowed into the Nile.

That was in April, 1874. Stanley wasted no time. It was soon arranged that the *New York Herald* and one of the London newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph*, should share the cost of sending him to Africa as leader of an exploring expedition, and in September, 1874, he arrived in Zanzibar. His plan was to go first to the Victoria Nyanza, about which very little was known. Speke, who had discovered this great inland sea, had seen only a small part of it. In order to explore it Stanley had brought with him from England a boat made in sections, which could be carried to the lake and there fitted together. For companions he had three young Englishmen, Frank and Edward Pocock, who knew a good deal about boats, and Frederick Barker, who had been a clerk in London.

For a time Stanley was busy at Zanzibar

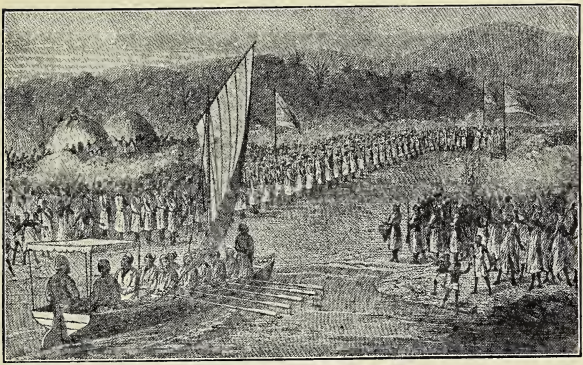
engaging porters. Many of them were free negroes called Wangwana. In November, 1874, the expedition started, crossing first from Zanzibar Island to the mainland at Bagamoyo. Altogether, including twelve guides and the women and children who accompanied the men, there were 356 persons in the party. To reach the Victoria Nyanza they had to go over 700 miles, partly through jungle, the land rising higher and higher as they went along. They saw beautiful mountains and rivers, and many wild animals. One evening, when Stanley had gone out to shoot some animals in order to provide meat for his men, he saw a lion crouching in the long grass. He shot the lion, but then no fewer than ten lions came out of a thicket. As they advanced towards him he fired again, hitting one of them. Just then a number of his Wangwana porters came up, and the other lions turned tail and fled.

Not long after this adventure the expedition reached a country where there was a famine. To make matters worse, it rained every day; the weather was very hot, and several of the men caught fever and other illnesses. Among them was Edward Pocock, who died in January, 1875. More troubles followed. The natives murdered two of Stanley's best men and then attacked the camp. They had seen some of the things which Stanley had brought with him—coils of wire, beautiful cloths, handsome scarfs and coats, coloured beads, looking-glasses, scissors, etc.—and they said: "The Wangwana and the white men are only women; we can easily kill them and seize their goods." But the natives were wrong; Stanley and his men were armed with rifles, and

though twenty of the men were killed, in the end it was the natives who were defeated, after three days' fighting.

Presently the expedition came to another district, where the natives were friendly, and on February 17th they reached a hill from the top of which Stanley saw "a long broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some 600 feet below us, at the distance of three miles." It was the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza. Stanley encamped on the shore, put together his boat, the *Lady Alice*, and set out with eleven men to explore the lake. Frank Pocock and Barker he left in charge of the camp. First he went along the south coast, then the east coast, and next the north coast. It was a long voyage, for the Victoria Nyanza is almost as large as Scotland. The explorers met numbers of natives in canoes, most of whom were friendly, and numbers of hippopotami who were not friendly, but chased the *Lady Alice!*

They had gone about half-way round the lake when they came to the country of Uganda, which Speke had discovered. Uganda is a very remarkable country. It has since come under British rule and has been called the "Japan" of Africa, because of the rapid progress made by the Baganda, as its inhabitants are called. As we have read in the story of Speke's travels, the people were, even in those days, much more civilised than the other peoples of Central Africa. Their king, Mtesa, was still living when Stanley arrived, and he and the explorer became very friendly. One day, to Stanley's surprise, another white man arrived in Uganda. This was Edouard Linant, a young



From Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

KING MTESA'S WELCOME TO STANLEY.

Frenchman in the service of the Egyptian Government, who had travelled up the Nile all the way from Cairo—a journey of 3,000 miles.

Mtesa had long talks with both travellers about God and the Bible, and asked that missionaries might be sent to teach his people. When Linant went back Stanley gave him a letter reporting what the King had said. On the way Linant was murdered by some natives who had been raided by slave-traders. His dead body was left on the bank of the Nile, where it was afterwards found by an Egyptian expedition. The letter which Stanley had given him was found hidden in one of his long knee boots and was sent on to England. When it was published in the *Daily Telegraph* many missionaries went to Uganda, and now that country is noted among all the countries of Africa for the way in which the Baganda have accepted Christianity.

After staying some weeks with Mtesa Stanley set out again in the *Lady Alice* to return to his camp at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza. One morning he came to an island where the natives seized the boat, dragged it a long way up the beach, and brandished their spears, threatening to kill Stanley's men. Soon afterwards they stole the oars from the boat. For five or six hours Stanley tried to make friends with them and to buy food—for the crew of the *Lady Alice* had nothing to eat. But he met with no success, and at last he determined to leave the island. The crew pushed the boat into the water and tore up the floor boards to use as paddles. The natives rushed forward with their spears and bows and arrows, but Stanley shot the first two and the boat drew away from the land. As she did so two hippos rushed at her open-mouthed, and Stanley had to fire again to drive them off. Nor were he and his crew yet safe. The savages launched four canoes and started to chase the *Lady Alice*. Seeing that he could not escape Stanley ordered his men to stop paddling. Then, when the canoes were getting close, Stanley fired on them with his elephant rifle, and with four shots killed five men and sank two of the canoes. The savages saw that they were beaten, but some of those on shore still shot arrows at the boat, calling out, " Go and die in the Nyanza."

When Stanley arrived at his camp at the southern end of the lake he learned that while he had been away Fred Barker had died, so that he was left with only one white man, Frank Pocock. After a time Stanley collected enough canoes for all his party and crossed the lake again to Uganda.

Some of the canoes were old and leaky, and on a pitch dark night five of them sank. As they went down the men cried out, "Master, oh, Master; bring your boat, the boat."

"Pull like heroes," shouted Stanley to his crew; "pull and defy the black water; your brothers are drowning." He himself set fire to the leaves of a book, and by its light the *Lady Alice* was rowed from one to another of the drowning men till all were saved.

Mtesa was glad to see Stanley again, and let him go where he liked. At last, in February, 1876, Stanley left Uganda and travelled west into a country of high mountains, whose tops were hidden by cloud and mist. As he found out afterwards, these mountains were the great Ruwenzori Range. Though they lie almost on the Equator, they carry on their upper slopes large glaciers, and their peaks are always covered with



From Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

THE EXPEDITION ON THE MARCH.

snow. Besides the mountains Stanley saw a broad sheet of water, which was part of an unknown lake south of the Albert Nyanza. From there he marched south through forests and across rivers and swamps and plains till in May, 1876, he came once again to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, the place where in 1871 he had met Livingstone.

At Ujiji Stanley found many Arabs, who treated both him and Frank Pocock very kindly. Leaving Pocock behind, he went all round Lake Tanganyika in the *Lady Alice*, the voyage lasting over fifty days. Soon after his return to Ujiji Stanley started for the River Lualaba; now at last he was going to complete Livingstone's work. There had been small-pox at Ujiji and several of his men had died, while a great many more had deserted, so that when he left Ujiji in October, 1876, he had only about 140 followers, including women and children.

After marching 300 miles Stanley reached the Lualaba and soon was at Nyangwe, which was the farthest point north that Livingstone had reached. Neither the Arabs nor the natives of Nyangwe knew where the river ended. All they knew was that it flowed a long way to the north, through a country covered by great forests and inhabited by cannibals and pigmies, chimpanzees and elephants. As it went north the river might be, as Livingstone thought, a branch of the Nile; but Stanley believed that it would sooner or later turn west and prove to be the Upper Congo. Every one knew that the Congo entered the sea on the west coast of Africa, but no one knew where it came from. In 1816 Captain Tuckey had tried

to find out its course by going up the Congo from the sea, but like Diego Cam, who discovered it, he had soon come to a place where the river was so full of cataracts that he could go no farther.

At Nyangwe an Arab named Tippu Tib agreed, in return for a large sum of money, to escort Stanley for sixty marches with an armed force of some hundreds of men. Tippu had tried hard to persuade Stanley to turn back, telling him that he was sure to be killed by the savages. However, they left Nyangwe together for the unknown country to the north on November 5th, 1876. First they went through a dense forest to the east of the Lualaba, and travelled for about fifty miles without meeting any natives. Then they came to the river again, and there they found a village, but the people in it had run away. When the people came back they refused to sell any food and made a treacherous attack on some of Stanley's men. From this time on, though he made friends with the natives whenever he could, Stanley had often to fight his way forward. The natives said that he had no right to be on their river, and usually, as soon as they saw his boats, they came out and attacked him. As they had no weapons except spears and bows and arrows, while Stanley's men had guns, the savages were always beaten off. But after one big battle Tippu Tib declared that he would go no further and that Stanley must be mad. So Tippu and his men returned to Nyangwe.

In Stanley's party there were left 149 people. To carry them down the river he had twenty-two canoes besides the *Lady Alice*. It was the end of December, 1876, when Tippu Tib went back, and

Stanley encouraged his men by telling them that they were braver than the Arabs, that he was their father, and that he would take them to the salt sea and then back to their homes at Zanzibar. So the strange voyage down the mysterious river was continued. They found that the Lualaba was joined by other big rivers, that a great many people lived by the river side, and that most of the country was covered by forests. When they had travelled over 300 miles north of Nyangwe they came to a series of waterfalls, seven in all, which caused them much difficulty. Two or three times they had to cut a road through the forest with their axes and drag the canoes overland. At one place where they camped the natives, during the night, cleverly and quietly fixed a high strong net made of cord all round them; the natives thought that they had caught the strangers and that they would be able to kill and eat them. But Stanley and his men cut the net, fought and defeated the natives, and still went forward.

When they had passed the falls, which are now called Stanley Falls, they found that the river turned west, and this showed that Stanley was right; the Lualaba was the Upper Congo. They had still a very long way to go to reach the sea. About 130 miles below Stanley Falls the Congo was joined by the Aruwimi (*Ar-u-we-me*), a river over a mile wide, flowing from the north-east. Just after they had passed the mouth of the Aruwimi Stanley saw many big canoes coming after them. There were fifty-four of these canoes, all filled with warriors. As it was impossible for Stanley's canoes to escape they stopped, and the

savages came up beating big drums and shooting arrows and throwing spears. In Stanley's canoes all the people who had not muskets held up shields to stop the arrows and spears, while those with muskets fired on the savages and in five minutes drove them off. Stanley was so angry that he followed up the savages, landed on the bank and fought them in their villages, till all the natives fled to the forest. In one village he found an idol house made of ivory tusks; the idol was four feet high and carved like a man, painted bright red and with black eyes and beard. He found also many hammers, hatchets, adzes, splendid knives, fish-hooks, bells, carved paddles, and other things, which showed that the savages were clever workers.



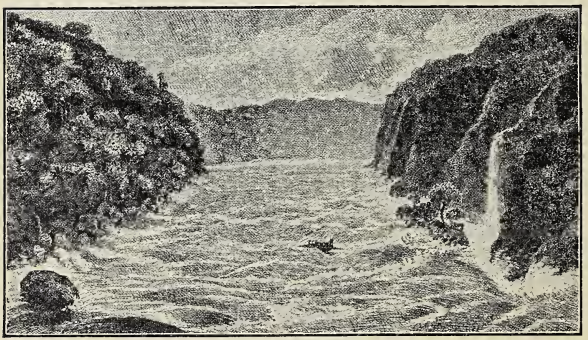
From Stanley's "How I found Livingstone," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

HENRY MORTON STANLEY.

The voyage was continued and the river became very broad; sometimes it was four or five miles across, and was filled with islands. Often Stanley and his men were half-starved, for when they went ashore to buy food the natives almost always attacked them. One chief, however, was friendly and gave them plantains (fruits that are

very like bananas), fresh and dried fish, snails, dried dogs' meat, goats, and a kind of flour called cassava. When they had gone nearly 1,000 miles from Stanley Falls they reached a place where the river widened out into an immense round pond or pool—now called Stanley Pool. Beyond the pool the Congo rushed down through the mountains in a series of rapids. The explorers had come to the upper end of the cataracts of which Captain Tuckey had reached the lower end in 1816.

These cataracts extend for 200 miles, and to find a way through them was a long and dangerous task. One canoe in shooting a rapid overturned, and Frank Pocock and two natives were drowned. Pocock, "the little master" as he was called by the men, had been of great help to the expedition. After his death Stanley was the only white man of the party, and he was very glad when at last they came to the end of the cataracts. He had



From Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

THE "LADY ALICE" IN THE CONGO RAPIDS.

been travelling for nearly 1,000 days, and had followed the Congo for 1,500 miles through country which was unknown to white men. He had reached from the interior the point which Captain Tuckey had reached from the coast, and the exploring part of his journey was over. But he had still to get to Boma, the port near the mouth of the Congo, and this last part of the journey was very trying. The natives would sell him very little food, so that Stanley and his men were nearly starved, and some of them looked like skeletons. Stanley managed to send a message to the white traders at Boma, and they at once sent him food and themselves set out to meet him. On August 9th, 1877, the expedition reached Boma and the great journey was really ended. Stanley kept his word and took his followers back to Zanzibar before he returned to England.

When Stanley arrived home and told his story people were very interested in his discoveries. The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., persuaded him to go back to the Congo to open up trade with the people, to build a road round the cataracts, and to place steamers on the river. He spent four years (1879–1884) on the Congo doing this work, and because of the roads he built the natives named him "The Rock-Breaker."

In 1887 Stanley went a third time to the Congo. His chief purpose was to help Emin Pasha, a German whom the Egyptians had appointed Governor of the country around and north of the Albert Nyanza. The Dervishes, who were Arab tribes of the Sudan, had defeated the Egyptians and were threatening Emin. Stanley, who had several white companions with him, went first

to Zanzibar, where he engaged many of his old followers. He also persuaded Tippu Tib to come with him. From Zanzibar he sailed to the mouth of the Congo and then went up that river until he reached the place where the Aruwimi joins it. From there he had to go through unknown country. He divided his forces, leaving a party called the rear-guard at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, and with the rest, or advance-guard, he started at the end of June for the Albert Nyanza.

The way lay through a dense forest. "For 160 days," wrote Stanley, "we marched through the forest, bush, and jungle, without ever seeing a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest." The natives of the forest were hostile. They put sharp pointed skewers in the narrow paths, and hid behind the trees to shoot arrows and throw spears at Stanley's men. As far as possible Stanley kept alongside the Aruwimi River, and some of his people travelled in canoes. At one place he met a young pigmy woman; she was about seventeen years old and just thirty-three inches high; she was beautifully formed, and her skin was the colour of yellow ivory. After this the explorers passed through several villages of the pigmies, but the little people always ran away. Then they came to a country where they could get no food, and over seventy men died of starvation.

At last they reached the Albert Nyanza, but Emin Pasha was not there! He was away in the north, and it was not till April, 1888, that he came up the Nile to the Albert Nyanza in a steamer and met Stanley. For a long while Stanley had been



From Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

PIGMIES IN THE CONGO FOREST.

expecting the rear-guard to join him; as they did not come he marched back through the forest with some of his men to Yambuya. When he arrived he found that the leader of the rear-guard, Major Bartlett, had been murdered, that Tippu Tib had deserted, and that many of the men had died of fever.

With those who were left, Stanley marched through the forest for the third time, back to the Albert Nyanza. In January, 1889, he was able to begin his homeward journey, Emin going with him. They did not go by the Congo, but as straight as they could to Zanzibar. The way at first was through unexplored country. They discovered a river, the Semliki, which flowed into the Albert Nyanza, and crossing this river they found themselves among the mountains of the Ruwenzori Range, which Stanley had seen from the other side in 1876, at the beginning of his explorations. Lieutenant Stairs, one of Stanley's

companions, climbed up the mountains to a height of 10,000 feet, but he could not reach the top, which was about 6,000 feet higher.

The whole party wound in and out among the mountains, and presently they were told by the natives that there was another great lake among the hills. This lake Stanley reached and found that the Semliki River flowed out of it. The lake, which he called Albert Edward Nyanza, was the same lake of which he had seen a small part in 1876. We know now that it is forty-four miles long and thirty-two broad. This Stanley could not tell, for all the time he was there it was covered with a thick haze; but he did know that its waters flowed through the Semliki River into the Albert Nyanza, and so into the Nile.



MAP OF THE NILE SOURCES.

This was the last of Stanley's big discoveries. He and Emin Pasha reached the coast in December, 1889, and he never travelled in Africa again as an explorer. Many years had passed since, in continuation of Livingstone's explorations, he had traced the Lualaba down to the Congo. Now, at the last, by discovering in the Albert Edward Nyanza a new source of the Nile, he had solved another of the problems which had puzzled the great missionary-explorer, the man whom he reverenced more than any other, and whose work he had set out to complete.

XII. WITH JOSEPH THOMSON IN THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY

In the year 1878 the Royal Geographical Society of London sent an expedition to East Central Africa. It was less than a year after the return of Stanley from the great journey in which he discovered the course of the River Congo, and many people were anxious to find out more about Central Africa. This new expedition was to go first to Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika and afterwards, if it could, to the River Congo. The leader was Keith Johnston, a Scotsman, and with him was a young man, Joseph Thomson, also a Scotsman.

Leaving England in November, 1878, the two explorers went to Zanzibar. There they engaged 150 natives as porters, and a headman named Chuma, who had served under Livingstone and had been at his funeral in Westminster Abbey. After a trial trip into Usambara, a hilly country on the mainland, they started for Lake Nyasa in May, 1879. The starting point on the coast was Dar-es-Salaam, which means "The Harbour of Peace," and is so called because it is sheltered from all winds. The distance to Lake Nyasa was 400 miles, and no white man had been over the route. The way lay through a very hot, low, and often marshy land, much of it covered by jungle, and



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN EAST AFRICA.

before long Keith Johnston became ill. Presently the explorers came to a dense forest, in which they halted at a village named Beho Beho. At the end of June Johnston died there, and Thomson had to take command of the expedition. He was only twenty-one, but he had energy and determination and was both brave and tactful.

The journey was continued through the forest to a big river called the Rufiji, and thence up the steep sides of mountains to a high flat land

where lived the Mahenge (*Ma-hen-ge*), a warrior tribe noted as slave raiders. The porters came to Thomson and said : " The Mahenge are on the war-path ; they are coming to attack us ; we shall all be killed unless we go back quickly to the coast." But Thomson would not turn back, and after listening to a speech from Chuma the men were persuaded to continue the journey. They marched through the dense forest in fear and trembling. Going ahead with Chuma and one other man, Thomson caught sight of a file of warriors tramping through the long grass in an open space. Except for wonderful head-dresses made of feathers, and wild-cat skins on their shoulders, they were naked. Their faces were painted in the most hideous manner ; they carried stabbing spears, assegais (throwing spears), and clubs, and each man had a shield of bullock hide.

The long grass was wet, and as the warriors marched along they held their shields over their heads to keep themselves dry. Thomson and his two men shouted. At once the warriors halted, lowered their shields, and poised their spears. It was a critical moment, and Thomson did a bold thing. He stepped forward and raised his hands to show that he had no weapons. The effect on the warriors was like a shock of electricity. A white man, and unarmed ! A buzz of surprise arose, and then Chuma and the other man shouted out that they were friends and meant no harm. The Mahenge were satisfied and crowded round Thomson, examining him as people at the Zoo examine a strange animal. They explained that they had been sent to fight another tribe and not the white man.



"WE ARE FRIENDS."

After leaving the Mahenge Thomson fell ill with fever while marching across the high table-land, but he insisted on walking. He would never let himself be carried in a hammock, but once when going up a mountain he was so weak that his men tied a rope round his waist and hauled him up, two men steadying him behind. At last from the top of a high mountain they saw Lake Nyasa 3,000 feet below. Thomson's excitement got the better of his weakness, and with a wild halloo he rushed down the hillside. He and the stoutest of his porters raced like madmen through a village, sending the natives flying in terror. Reaching the shore they tore off their clothes; and, wrote Thomson afterwards, "as I dashed into the water I felt myself baptised an African traveller."

From Nyasa Thomson journeyed to Lake Tanganyika and went along the west side of that lake till he came, at Christmas, 1879, to the River Lukuga. Here he made a curious discovery.

Stanley had tried to go along the Lukuga, but found that after a mile or two the river was completely blocked by a great bank of mud. Since then there had been more than usually heavy rains in Central Africa, and Thomson found that the water in Lake Tanganyika had risen and had broken through the mud bank, so that the Lukuga was a strong flowing river, taking water from Tanganyika to the Congo. Thomson started to go down the Lukuga to the Congo, but the tribes on the way were very savage, and robbed and ill-treated him and his men. He reached a point within ten miles of the great river, but then was obliged to retreat.

The march back began in February, 1880, and after many trials the party arrived early in July at Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar. Thomson had covered about 5,000 miles in thirteen months and three weeks, and what pleased him most was that in all that time he had not had to fight the natives, and all the men he had at the start, except one, came back safe and sound.

In 1882 Thomson set out on another African expedition, this time to the country north of the region he had already visited. He was sent by the Royal Geographical Society to find a new way to the biggest of all African lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, which Speke had discovered and round which Stanley had sailed. Much of the country through which Thomson had to travel was known to be inhabited by a very warlike tribe, the Masai (*Mas-sye*). Arab traders had gone into this country for ivory, but they would only go when they had large numbers of armed men with them.

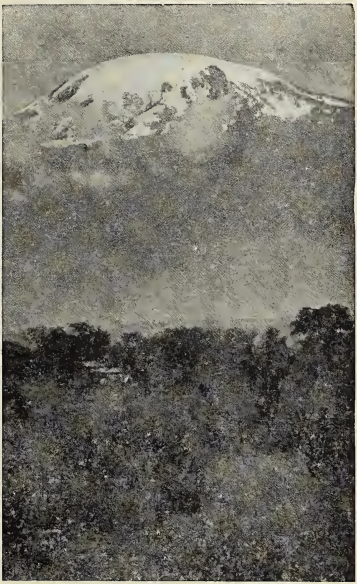
At Zanzibar Thomson found that Chuma was

dead, so for his chief assistant he engaged a Maltese sailor named Martin, who, though he could neither read nor write, was an intelligent man and proved most useful. But Thomson could not hire good carriers, partly because other travellers had engaged the best men, and partly because the Zanzibar porters were afraid of the Masai. At last he got together about 140 men, and having bought supplies of beads and copper wire and cotton—which took the place of money—he sailed from Zanzibar to Mombasa (*Mom-bas-sa*), and began his journey inland in March, 1883.

Thomson found the country dry and healthy, but a dreadful wilderness, covered mostly with thorns and other shrubs, with scarcely any green leaves. On the second day he came across terrible traces of the Masai. He passed a place where the Masai had fought another tribe, and the battle-field was strewn with skulls. In the middle of the desert he and his men came to some hills with water and grass, and there they found a white missionary, who showed them much kindness. Then on they went again over more desert, till at last they were gladdened by the sight of a magnificent forest and cultivated ground, inhabited by a friendly tribe. This place was Taveta, and by it was the beautiful little lake of Chala.

At Taveta Thomson was at the foot of Kilimanjaro, which is the highest mountain in Africa; its highest point is 19,780 feet above the level of the sea. As it is usually hidden by clouds Thomson did not see it for a long while; indeed, he was tempted to believe that there was no mountain there at all. But one afternoon as he came out of the forest and looked up he saw a

wonderful sight. There, high above the clouds, loomed a grand dome, covered with snow which glittered and shone like burnished silver, and not far away a black, jagged peak. These were the summits of Kilimanjaro. As he looked, huge fleecy white clouds rolled up, and presently the mountain was again blotted out of his sight.



From Hon. C. Dundas's "Kilimanjaro and its People," by courtesy of Messrs. Witherby.

MT. KILIMANJARO (19,780 ft.), THE HIGHEST PEAK IN AFRICA.

Many of Thomson's men, being cowards and thieves, had deserted, but with the remainder he marched round Kilimanjaro to the edge of the Masai country. He had with him a guide who knew the country and spoke the Masai language, but it was not safe to go farther without permission from the Masai. Camp was pitched, and Thomson waited to see what would happen. Presently one or two women came along, and then a band of young unmarried men, whose only business was to fight. Tall, well-made, with slim wiry figures, the warriors

advanced in single file, singing their war chant and keeping step as they sang. They were covered with red clay and grease; by their sides they carried heavy ox-hide shields, and in their hands they twirled long broad-headed spears. When they drew near to the camp they halted and went through exercises like soldiers. Then Thomson's guide advanced, and after a long talk it was arranged that the party could go forward on paying the Masai a heavy tribute. Next day, however, Thomson learned that a trap had been set for him—the Masai intended to kill him and seize all his goods; so he broke up his camp in the dead of night and retreated to Taveta.



From Thomson's "Through Masailand," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

A MASAI WARRIOR.

He had lost a large part of his goods, and in order to obtain fresh supplies he had to pay a visit to Mombasa. Leaving the camp in charge of Martin, Thomson with ten men set out to cross the desert to the coast. One terrible day they

could find no water, and, afraid to stop, they kept on walking all night, footsore and parched, stumbling in the dark and getting torn by the thorns. At midnight there was a storm, and Thomson and his men were glad to suck the moisture from their wet clothes. About three o'clock in the morning they came at last to a pond. "I staggered forward," wrote Thomson, "and flopped down in a pool of water; there I drank till I reached the bursting point, and then I threw myself down on the bare rock, heedless alike of the elements and the risks from wild beasts, and was only roused from a deep sleep by one or two of my men falling over me as they groped their way to the water." The fear of death by thirst had caused Thomson and his men to make a remarkable march. They had walked for twenty-two hours without stopping and had covered seventy miles.

At Mombasa Thomson bought a fresh supply of goods, hired a few more porters, and started back. On his arrival at Taveta he met an Arab trader named Jumba, who with other traders and a large caravan was going to Masailand for ivory. Thomson decided to go with Jumba, who proved a good friend. They entered the Masai country in August. Every man was armed, and they thought themselves strong enough to fight the Masai if they were attacked. In the end they succeeded in getting through without fighting, but only by giving way to the Masai and behaving humbly.

Thomson himself, as a white man, greatly excited the curiosity of the Masai. They felt him all over, made him take off his boots and socks so that they could see his toes, and altogether were

most troublesome. The traders told the Masai that Thomson was a "medicine man," or magician, who could do great wonders, and as he was clever in many ways the Masai came to believe in him, and asked him many favours. One thing they wanted him to do was to spit on them! For the Masai had this curious custom—they considered it a great honour to be spat on by a friend.

It was not always easy, however, for Thomson to make the Masai believe that he was a great "medicine man." Once a number of young warriors crowded into his tent and began asking him awkward questions. Then Thomson had an idea. "Just look here for a moment," he said, "and I will show you a thing or two. You see my teeth. Observe how firm they are (here he rapped his teeth with his knuckles). Just wait till I turn my head. Now look, they are gone." And gone they were! The Masai shrank back in horror, but Thomson called out to them not to be afraid. Then he turned his head once more, and when he again faced the Masai his teeth were back in their place. Now indeed they were convinced that he was a great magician. The explanation was, of course, that Thomson had some false teeth, which he could take out and put in whenever he pleased.

The country through which Thomson and the traders marched was very wonderful. At first it was a plain, poorly watered, yet full of wild animals, including buffaloes, rhinoceroses, elephants, zebras in countless thousands, antelopes of many kinds, lions, and leopards. The Masai, too, had very large herds of cattle. Thomson hunted a great deal, especially the rhinoceros and buffalo, both

dangerous animals, and he often had narrow escapes. Rhinoceroses were so plentiful that once he shot four of them before breakfast.

As the party went on they found that the plain was bounded on either side by a high range of mountains, often looking like great walls, so that Thomson called the plain a trough. It is now known as the Great Rift Valley. In the plain or trough itself were many single mountains, most of them old volcanoes.

After a time the party climbed the mountains on the east side of the plain and came to a high plateau covered by thick forest, where lived a tribe called Kikuyu. Although the plateau was near the Equator the climate was cool; there was often a thick mist and the nights were frosty. It was a climate in which white people could live comfortably, and to-day there are thousands of white settlers in that part of East Africa. The plateau forms the highlands of Kenya Colony, and the capital of the colony, Nairobi, has been built at one of the places where Thomson camped.

The Kikuyu were even more dangerous than the Masai, and the expedition was attacked while marching through the forest. This was the only time that Thomson was forced to fight the natives. Afterwards he and the others descended from the plateau into the valley again, and there in September, 1883, they reached a beautiful lake, Naivasha.

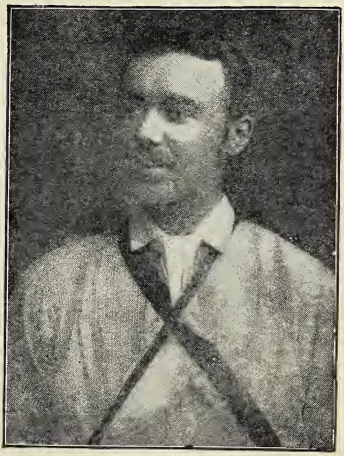
Thomson's men had much improved after months of hard work and discipline. Choosing thirty of the best of them he left the caravan and started eastwards again. Once more he climbed on to the plateau, intending to visit Kenya, a

great mountain from which Kenya Colony takes its name. Earlier travellers had seen this mountain from a great distance, but none of them had been near it. After a very difficult journey Thomson reached the foot of the mountain at the end of October. Its top was covered with snow, and it looked like a gigantic sugar cone. He had not a chance of trying to climb it. Having spent all his goods he had nothing left to give the Masai, and a friendly native warned him that they were planning to attack him. So for the second time Thomson fled in the middle of the night.

Pushing north into an uninhabited country, he and his followers made their way to the edge of a precipice overlooking the Great Rift Valley. Below was the valley, about twenty miles broad; on either side a mountain wall rose abruptly some 5,000 feet; in the centre of the valley a dazzling expanse of water glittered like a mirror in the fierce rays of the tropical sun, and in the middle of the lake was an island surrounded by four islets, looking like emeralds set in the burnished silver of the water. This lake was Baringo, of which white men had heard but which they had never seen till then.

Thomson expected that his headman Martin and the traders would be in camp near the lake, and so they were. Yet it was one thing to see the lake and another thing to get to it. Thomson managed to crawl down the side of the precipice, and three of his men climbed down afterwards; but for several hours he was alone and thought himself lost. The rest of the men wandered up and down the edge of the precipice for two days, without food, before they could find a way down.

From Baringo Thomson set out for the Victoria Nyanza. He had to pass through the country of the Kavirondo. These people were naked savages, and the traders told him that he was sure to be killed. However, he went and was not attacked, though once, when the Kavirondo stole all his things, he threatened to burn down their town if the things were not returned.



From Thomson's "To the Central African Lakes," by courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

In December, 1883, Thomson reached the Victoria Nyanza and was heartily glad, for he had done what he had set out to do—he had found a new route to that great lake. On his way back he turned aside to visit Elgon, another great mountain. High up on the south side of the mountain he found natives living in great caves. So large were these caves that in one of them lived many hundreds of people, with their cattle. The natives even built their huts inside, but as there was no fear of rain, the huts had no roofs!

Soon after leaving Elgon, Thomson had an adventure which nearly cost him his life. He was hunting a buffalo and had wounded the beast,

which galloped away and then lay down. Thomson went forward to give him a final shot, when suddenly the buffalo jumped up. Thomson turned and fled, the buffalo after him, and the next instant he was caught on the horns of the infuriated animal and tossed into the air. Flung on his back, he looked up to see the buffalo standing only three yards off. Seeing Thomson move the buffalo gave a terrible snort and lowered his head, preparing to finish off his foe. At that moment a shot rang out, fired by one of Thomson's men. The buffalo turned round and fell dead. Thomson was saved. He found that one of the buffalo's horns had gone nearly six inches into his thigh, just grazing the bone and making a great hole. In his diary he wrote that he did not feel any fear when he found the maddened buffalo standing by him ; it was as if he were mesmerised and in the condition described by Livingstone when he found himself under a lion. The wound healed without difficulty, though for a long while Thomson had a stiff leg.

At Baringo Thomson rejoined the traders and started on the long journey back to Mombasa. On the way he fell ill ; for six weeks he was in a very bad condition, and for three months he was unable to walk. He would not, however, be carried but managed to ride on a donkey. In May, 1884, he reached Mombasa, and the wonderful journey was over.

Thomson continued to make journeys in Africa till 1891. Then his health broke down, and four years later he died. He was only thirty-seven years old. Like many other explorers, he had given his life for Africa.

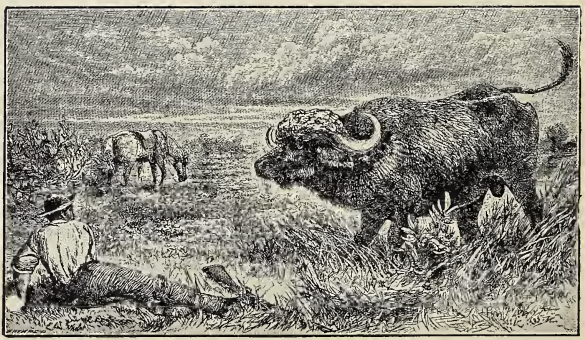
XIII. A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES BEYOND THE ZAMBEZI

In September, 1871, a young Englishman named Frederick Courtenay Selous (pronounced *Se-loo*) landed in South Africa with £400 in his pocket and a love of adventure in his heart. After travelling about for six months he started with two friends on a long journey into the interior to hunt elephants. He had a waggon drawn by two oxen to carry his stores, the hunters themselves riding on horseback. For four months they travelled slowly northwards, till they came to the court of Lobengula, king of the Matabele, in a village near Bulawayo, his chief town. It was necessary to obtain permission from Lobengula to hunt elephants in his country. When Selous asked for this permission the king burst out laughing and said, "Was it not steinbucks" (a small species of antelope) "that you came to hunt? Why, you're only a boy." And, indeed, he was only twenty years old.

But Selous persisted, and at last the king gave him permission, saying, "The elephants will soon drive you out of the country; but you may go and see what you can do!" So Selous became an elephant hunter, shooting the great beasts for the sake of their ivory tusks. He soon became

very skilful, shooting many elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, lions, and other wild animals.

Selous found that a hunter's life is not an easy one, and he had many narrow escapes from death. One day he was on horseback, chasing an old buffalo bull. Twice he galloped up close, and twice his rifle misfired. A third time he urged his horse close up behind the bull. Suddenly the bull wheeled round and charged. Selous's horse would not stand still while he tried to take aim, and before he could fire the buffalo was upon them. At the last moment Selous discharged his rifle right in the face of the infuriated beast, and as he did so both horse and rider were tossed into the air. Horse, gun, and man fell in different directions. Selous came down in a sitting position a few feet in front of the bull, which glared at him for a few seconds. Then, with a savage grunt, the animal charged again. Selous flung himself flat on the ground to one side, avoiding the upward

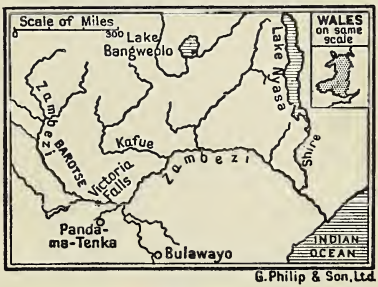


From Selous's "A Hunter's Wanderings," by courtesy of Messrs. Bentley.

"SELOUS CAME DOWN A FEW FEET IN FRONT OF THE BULL."

thrust of the horns, but was hit on the shoulder and kicked on the foot as the buffalo dashed past. Instead of turning to charge again, the bull galloped straight on, and Selous escaped with a few bruises. His horse, however, was so badly injured that it had to be shot.

In 1877, while in search of new hunting grounds, Selous crossed the Zambezi River into country where no white man had been before. So far as elephants were concerned the expedition was a failure, but Selous was keen to try again. He had to wait eleven years before he had another opportunity. Then in 1888 he arranged to cross the Zambezi and live among the Barotse tribe for at least a year, collecting specimens, hunting elephants, and trading with the natives for ivory. With two waggons, five horses, and sixteen donkeys, he arrived in the middle of May at Panda-ma-Tenka, a village about seventy miles south of the river. There he learned from some old friends, hunters like himself, that the Barotse were fighting among themselves and the country was unsafe for travellers. Selous was very disappointed, but next day he met another hunter friend who had received a letter from a young missionary named Arnot, a friend of both Selous



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES BEYOND THE ZAMBEZI."

and himself, inviting Selous to pay him a visit. He was living in the country to the north of Barotseland, and he said in his letter that elephants were there in astonishing numbers.

This suited Selous exactly. He decided to leave his waggons at Panda-ma-Tenka, and divided his baggage into loads for sixteen donkeys and fifteen porters. He took enough food, ammunition, and trading goods to last for a year, and on June 5th he set off for the Zambezi. The country was rough and the donkeys could only go slowly. Eight days passed before the Zambezi was reached at a spot opposite to Wankie's, a native town so named after its chief. This is a common way of naming villages in Central Africa; and not only does the name change when there is a new chief, but the village itself is moved when the land round about it has been cultivated for a few years and needs to lie fallow.

At the spot where Selous reached the Zambezi the river was nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and a whole day was spent in crossing to Wankie's. The men and the baggage were ferried across in two canoes; the donkeys had to be towed across, one by one, behind the larger of the canoes. Next day one of his best men was ill with fever—for it is not only white men who catch fever in Africa. Selous left the sick native in charge of a white trader at Wankie's, but three days later the man died. Meanwhile Selous started on his long journey through the country north of the Zambezi. On the following morning eleven of his porters refused to go any farther, though they had promised to serve him faithfully till the journey's end. Nothing daunted, Selous told them to leave

the camp, and went on without them, dividing their loads among the donkeys until he was able to hire fresh porters. His plan was to march north-eastwards down the Zambezi valley to its confluence with the Kafue (*Ka-foo-ay*), a big tributary flowing from the west, and then to strike northwards to the country west of Lake Bangweolo, where his friend Arnot was living.

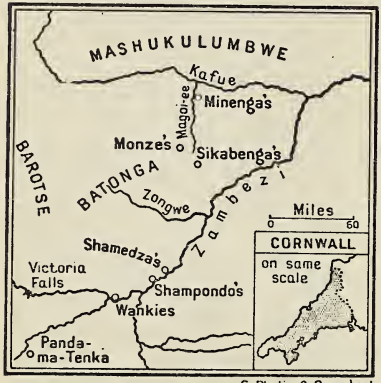


From Millais's "Life of Selous," by courtesy of Messrs. Longmans.

FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS.

After travelling for two days through barren stony hills and dreary leafless forests, Selous came to the banks of the Zambezi again at the village of Shampondo, a chief or headman of the Batonga tribe through whose country he was travelling. In the evening he camped near the village and gave a present to the chief, who seemed to be friendly. At daybreak Shampondo came to Selous's camp accompanied by a number of men armed with barbed spears, and demanded more presents. Two of Selous's men, alarmed at the warlike look of the Batongas, caught up their rifles and began thrusting in cartridges. At once the Batongas spread round Selous's small party in a semi-

circle, with long throwing spears poised in their right hands and half a dozen more in their left. Stepping forward unarmed, Selous persuaded them to sit down. Then he talked matters over with Shampondo and gave him a piece of calico, a tin of powder, and two brass rings, which seemed to satisfy him. But just as the donkeys had been loaded another headman demanded presents, and then Shampondo wanted more, till in the end Selous was forced to part with about £10 worth of goods.



MAP OF SELOUS'S JOURNEY.

At last he was free, and travelling hard for the rest of the day he reached Shamedza's village at sundown. Again he had to make presents to the chief, and he saw that if he continued along the river bank he would soon be ruined. So he gave Shamedza a handsome present, and the chief sent three natives to guide him by another way towards the Kafue. This river flowed through the country of the Mashukulumbwe (*Mash-oo-koo-lumb-we*), a tribe with a bad character, but Selous hoped for the best, and with a sigh of relief he turned his back on the Zambezi and followed his guides. They were good guides, and on the third day the

party reached a tributary of the Zambezi called the Zongwe. Then, as had been agreed, the guides returned home and Selous hired two more.

For a couple of days the route lay across rough country, but on the third day there was a change. The hills were covered with forests, and beneath the trees grew plenty of grass. Game animals were so abundant that Selous shot whatever he wanted to keep his men supplied with meat, and after a pleasant journey he reached Monze's village. Monze (*Mon-ze*) was a friendly little old man and pleased to meet Selous, who was the first white man he had seen since Dr. Livingstone visited his country thirty-five years before. But none of the natives in Monze's village seemed to have travelled in the country to the north, and two men whom Selous engaged there to guide him to the Kafue River knew no more than their friends.

After leaving Monze's, Selous followed native footpaths leading over country which was covered in places with grass from six to seven feet high. In the evening he camped at a village where all the people were of the Mashukulumbwe tribe. The men were quite naked, and their hair was plastered into a lump at the back of the head, the rest of the head being shaved. Some of the men worked their hair up into a cone two and a half feet high, and into this they fixed a long thin strip of antelope horn, the extreme tip being more than five feet above the wearer's head. Next morning a party of men from another village came into Selous's camp and wanted to buy ammunition from him, and when he told them that he had none to sell they declared that he would never cross the Kafue. "You will live two days more," they

said, "but on the third day your head will lie in a different place from your body."

Still Selous went forward, but he did not like the warlike look of the Mashukulumbwe, and he suggested to his guides that it would be wiser to change their course. The guides assured him that by the route they were following they would pass only small villages, and for the first day they were right; but on the second day Selous suddenly noticed that he was in a thickly populated district, and soon the party was surrounded by crowds of naked men, each carrying his bundle of barbed spears. They seemed very good-tempered, and led him to Minenga's, a village on the river Magoi-ee, which flowed into the Kafue.

Selous encamped on the only level plot of ground, which was on the side of the village farthest from the river. About sixty yards away, across an open space, was a large patch of long grass. Minenga was very friendly, and the entire population of the village visited the camp in the evening, eating and drinking and dancing with Selous's men. After a day or two Selous told Minenga on July 8th that he was going to make an early start next morning. Minenga promised that his own son should act as guide, and Selous returned to his camp. After a good supper he turned in, noticing as he did so that the camp was deserted by all except his own men. It was a dark, starlit night, and as the fires burned lower and lower the camp became absolutely still.

Selous could not sleep, and about nine o'clock he saw one of the guides cautiously enter the camp and walk quickly along the line of smouldering fires. The man bent down and shook one

of Selous's natives named Charley, and Selous heard them whispering excitedly. "What is it, Charley?" called out Selous, and Charley replied that the guide thought something was wrong; all the women had been sent away from the village. Selous pulled on his shoes, coat, and cartridge-belt, in which there were only four cartridges, and after putting out all the fires by throwing sand on them, arranged to creep round the village with one of his men to see what was happening. "Wait a second," said Selous, "whilst I get out a few more cartridges," and he was leaning across his bed to get them when three guns went off almost in his face. More shots rang out on every side, a shower of spears followed, and then the treacherous Mashukulumbwe dashed into the camp. "Into the long grass!" yelled Selous to his men, and fighting hand to hand he retreated backwards in that direction. He was within ten yards of the grass when more shrieking natives rushed out to cut off his retreat, and at the same moment he tripped on the rough ground. Two men fell over



"INTO THE LONG GRASS," YELLED SELOUS TO HIS MEN.

him, but he was on his feet in an instant, and with a rush he reached the shelter of the long grass.

Here he was safe for a time, but in what a plight! He was alone in Central Africa, in an enemy country, separated from his men, with only his clothes, a rifle, and four cartridges. After searching in vain for any of his men, he decided to put as great a distance as possible between himself and Minenga's before daybreak. Making a half-circle round the village, he reached the banks of the Magoi-ee. The sound of voices warned him that the ford was guarded, and he was forced to swim across, though he knew there were crocodiles in the river. Reaching the other side he turned for a last look at his camp, where the fires were now burning brightly, and then set out on his lonely journey south again.

That night and the next day he made good progress, and the following night he came to the last Mashukulumbwe village. He was cold, tired, and thirsty, and a fire burning in the village was very inviting; so, taking a chance, he boldly walked in and sat down. All the natives were asleep, and after a while Selous woke a boy and asked him for water. The talking woke a man in a nearby hut, who brought out some water for Selous. Presently a man slipped out of a hut opposite, and soon afterwards crept back with a gun in his hand. Then all was quiet again.

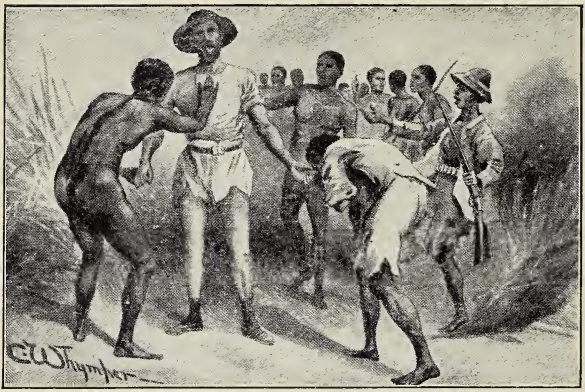
Selous was very sleepy, and lying down by the fire with his rifle between his legs he dozed off. Suddenly he awoke, and jumping up saw two men coming towards him. They were unarmed, so he sat down again, put his rifle on the ground, and

began talking to them. A slight noise behind made him clutch at his rifle, but he was too late. A native had crept up and dashed off with it. As Selous leaped to his feet the fire blazed up, and glancing towards the hut where the man with the gun had entered he saw him taking aim. Springing out of the circle of the firelight Selous dashed into the long grass round the village, moving so quickly that not a shot was fired at him.

In a worse position than ever, Selous pressed on to Monze's, where he arrived just before daybreak; but though still friendly the old man was afraid of the Mashukulumbwe, and sent him on his way immediately. From Monze's he struck across country towards Sikabenga's, a village where he arrived at the end of the afternoon, after being on the march for nearly twenty-four hours. Sikabenga, a tall and well-built young man, was not very pleased to see Selous, but he allowed him to stay for several days, and then sent him on his way with three guides. Late on the following day they reached another village, where Selous hired four fresh guides, promising to pay them when he reached his waggons at Panda-ma-Tenka. He also heard news of his own men, some of whom had escaped, and following after them he caught them up five days later.

In the attack on the camp at Minenga's twelve men had been killed and six wounded out of twenty-five. The survivors were very glad to see their master again. The hardships of the little party were nearly over; a day or two later they recrossed the Zambezi at Wankie's, and in three days more they reached Panda-ma-Tenka.

In 1894 Selous returned to England and was



From Selous's "South-East Africa," by courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward.

SELOUS REJOINS HIS FOLLOWERS.

married. In later years he made hunting trips to many lands, and when war was declared against Germany in 1914 he was still so strong and healthy, though sixty-two years of age, that he volunteered for military service in East Africa. There, as a captain in the Legion of Frontiersmen, he was killed on January 4th, 1917, by a sniper's bullet while leading his men to the attack near Beho Beho. One of the bravest and best of African hunters and travellers, he was also one of the most modest and kindly of men, and those who knew him like to remember that his grave is near to that of another British traveller, Keith Johnston, who (as we read in the last story) died at Beho Beho in 1879.

XIV. WITH HASSANEIN BEY ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT

The Libyan Desert lies on the western side of Egypt, which is the oldest known part of Africa; yet this desert remained almost unknown after nearly all the rest of Africa had been explored. Two German travellers, Rohlfs and Stecker, tried to cross it from north to south in 1878, but had to turn back after reaching Kufra, a group of oases in the centre of the desert. The people there threatened to kill them if they went any farther. These people belonged to the Senussi (*Sen-oos-e*) —a great brotherhood or union of Mohammedan reformers, with branches all over North Africa. They were not friendly to European travellers, who, they feared, would bring in new manners and customs, leading in the end to the conquest of their country.

Forty years passed, and during that time no explorer visited Kufra. Then in 1920 two travellers, who were both eager to learn more about it, planned a journey together. One was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Rosita Forbes. The other was a clever young Egyptian who had been a student at Oxford and had served on official missions; his name was Ahmed Hassanein Bey—"bey"



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE HASSANEIN BEY'S TRAVELS.

being an official title. It was arranged that Mrs. Forbes should go disguised as a Bedouin princess, and that Hassanein should go as her secretary. First they went to Cyrenaica, a country bordering the Mediterranean, where the head of the Senussi, Sayed Idris (or as we should say, Lord Idris), was living. The Senussi leader, who knew Hassanein, gave the travellers letters to the rulers at Kufra, and arranged to have a caravan ready for them at Jedabya (*Jed-ab-ya*), a little town near the coast.

Even with this help the travellers had difficulty in getting away. The Italians, who had conquered Cyrenaica, were not willing to let the expedition go into the desert; they had not subdued the desert tribes, they knew that though Sayed Idris was friendly many of the Senussi were

very suspicious of strangers, and they feared that the expedition might lead to trouble.

In the end Mrs. Forbes and Hassanein Bey left Jedabya secretly at night with a few attendants and travelled south to the oasis of Aujila (*Ow-je-la*), where the Senussi caravan overtook them. Next day they all went on to another oasis called Jalo, and from there the long march to Kufra was begun two days before Christmas.

The way lay across a flat expanse of yellow sand which reflected the scorching rays of the sun. The ground seemed to quiver in the heat, and often the travellers saw a mirage—that is, they seemed to see hills and palm trees and pools of water in the distance, but when they drew nearer nothing was there but the flat sandy desert. They had no water except what was carried in leathern bags on the backs of the camels. For food they mostly ate dates. Much of the time they walked. Now and then they passed the skeletons of men and camels who had died by the way.

On New Year's Day, 1921, the guide confessed that he had lost his way. Very little water remained in the bags, and if the caravan could not reach a well in two or three days, all would die of thirst. The next day Hassanein Bey and Mrs. Forbes, who had the help of compasses and of the maps made by Stecker in 1878, decided to follow a different route from that which the guide recommended. With sore feet, parched mouths, and fearful hearts, they marched from eight in the morning till past three in the afternoon, and then they came to a little hill where there were a few dried-up shrubs. The men of the caravan ran forward with new hope, but there was not a sign



By courtesy of Hassanein Bey.

A WELL IN THE DESERT ON THE WAY TO KUFRA.

of water among the shrubs. For a while they thought the end had come ; that night they drank the last of their water. In the morning they struggled on, half mad with thirst and scarcely knowing what they did. At last they came to a little oasis with palm trees and a well. The well was choked with sand, but when the men had dug out the sand they came upon water. They were saved !

This was the greatest trial the travellers had. On January 14th they arrived at Kufra, after a 600 miles' journey from Jedabya. Thanks to the letters given to them by Sayed Idris, they were received with great kindness by the Senussi chiefs. They stayed with these people a fortnight, living in a fine house with beautiful furniture. They visited a lake, saw the ruins of a very old town, and noticed many fields which were cultivated by black slaves. Then they set out on their return journey.

Instead of going back to Jedabya they followed



By courtesy of Hassanein Bey.

THE LAKE AT KUFRA.

a route which led them to an oasis called Jarabub, where there is a large Senussi college. This time they had another guide, a little quiet old man who did not lead them astray. But one night they had a great fright ; they found that they were being followed by a caravan of about a dozen men and six camels, riding fast. The guide declared that these men must belong to a tribe of noted robbers called Tibbu. So Hassanein and Mrs. Forbes and their men—there were only nine of them all told, including the leaders—left the track in the darkness and hid behind some hills, where they prepared to fight if attacked. But the robbers passed by their hiding-place without discovering them. The next morning they found the footprints of the robbers' camels in the sand, but they saw nothing more of the robbers themselves.

From Jarabub the travellers set out for Siwa, an oasis farther to the east, which was the headquarters of an Egyptian camel patrol. In ancient

times Siwa was famous because of a great temple built there, and it is still a very remarkable place ; its inhabitants live in lofty cliffs, which are honeycombed with their dwellings. On the way Hassanein met with an accident. The caravan was travelling at night, because of the great heat in the daytime. Hassanein's camel stumbled, he himself was thrown to the ground, and his collar-bone was broken. The nearest doctor was at Siwa, sixty miles away. How to get there was a problem, for travelling with a broken collar-bone on a jolting camel was a serious matter. The party was in camp the next night, a sad little company, when suddenly out of the darkness a dog came barking ; behind the dog were white-robed figures, and, best of all, a British officer in khaki. This officer had come from Siwa with his men to meet Hassanein Bey and Mrs. Forbes, for he knew of their journey and that it was about time for them to arrive. A doctor was fetched to attend to Hassanein, the travellers were escorted to Siwa, and the expedition ended with a journey of 430 miles by motor-car across a stony plateau to the great city and seaport of Alexandria.

Two years later Hassanein Bey made another and greater expedition into the Libyan Desert. This time he had no European companion. He wanted not only to visit Kufra again, but to cross the whole length of the desert. He obtained the support of the Egyptian Government and decided to start from Sollum, a little seaport on the western border of Egypt close to Cyrenaica. A day or two before he was to set out he learned that the Bedouin whose camels he had hired had plotted to rob him on the way. So he changed his plans,

hired other camels, and on January 2nd, 1923, started for Siwa and Jarabub.

As he and his small caravan were between Siwa and Jarabub they met Sayed Idris, who was travelling in the opposite direction—that is, to Egypt. Hassanein's men looked upon the Senussi leader as a great prince and religious teacher, and they were delighted when they saw that he and Hassanein were friends. When Idris said good-bye he gave Hassanein and the Bedouin his blessing for their long journey, and so much did the Bedouin reverence Idris that for the rest of the way to Jarabub they insisted upon following in the footprints which his two camels had made in coming from that place.



From a photograph kindly lent by the explorer.

AHMED HASSANEIN BEY.

From Jarabub Hassanein went to Jalo and thence on to Kufra, which he reached in April. His greatest trials were the terrible sandstorms. Often they would begin with a gentle breeze on a fine day. Little by little the breeze would become a strong wind, and this wind would get under the sand and whirl it up, at first in little spurts and then in great clouds which darkened the sky. The sand and even big pebbles would strike the traveller,

pelting him all over. Hassanein found that the best thing to do during a storm was to go on, covering his mouth with a cloth to keep the sand from choking him. Around anything not moving the sand quickly gathered, soon burying it completely.

But it was not always possible to keep moving in a sandstorm, for the very worst storm came on one night when all were asleep in their tents. A great gale of wind blew the tent down and then heaped the sand upon it. Hassanein, lying under his tent, was almost suffocated. The sand drove in through a gap in the tent like pellets from a gun. For two hours he could not move; then the storm ceased and he was able to crawl out. The tents of his men had also been blown down, and the camels suffered badly.

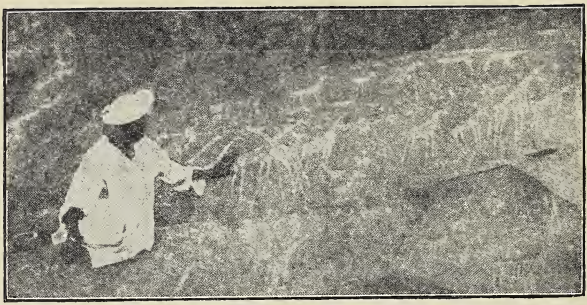
Three of the camels died before the party arrived at Kufra. All the fodder carried for the poor beasts had been eaten except some leaves of the date palm, which were not much for hungry tired animals. Hassanein, too, had used up all his fuel, so that the men could cook nothing. They missed their tea most; for the Bedouin are very fond of tea—though the kind of tea they make is very different from ours. They take a handful of tea leaves and a handful of sugar and put them together into a quart of water which they boil briskly. The result is a black, sweet, sticky mess, but the Bedouin love it, and Hassanein, when he had become used to it, found that it revived his energies and spirits wonderfully.

At Kufra Hassanein was again made welcome by the Senussi rulers, and he stayed there for a fortnight, getting ready to continue his journey

across the unknown desert. A regular caravan route led southward to Wadai, and he could have gone that way fairly easily. But he heard strange stories of two oases away to the south-east, which no white man and very few natives had ever seen, and he determined to try to reach them and then go on to Darfur, a part of the Sudan occupied by the British.

He was told that he would probably perish of thirst or in a sandstorm, and that if he succeeded in crossing the desert he would encounter savage black tribes on the other side. "Eight years ago," said an Arab to him, "the last caravan to go that way, of which my brother was the leader, was 'eaten up' and slaughtered on the frontier of Darfur." Still Hassanein persisted, and with great difficulty he persuaded a merchant to provide him with camels and men for the journey.

The caravan left Kufra on April 18th and after six days' hard marching reached Arkenu, the first of the two mysterious oases. It was a rocky, hilly district where there was herbage for the camels. There were no wells, but rain water collected in hollows in the rocks. Hassanein and his men had had a hard time; one of the camels had died, and they were so tired that they were glad to rest at Arkenu. Four days later they started off again after sunset—for the heat in the day was so great as to scorch them—and marched all night. After going twenty-five miles they reached in the morning the second oasis, named Owenat, where there was a tiny town built among the rocks. About 150 people lived there, surrounded on all sides by desert. Their nearest neighbours were 200 miles away; for no one lived



By courtesy of Hassanein Bey.

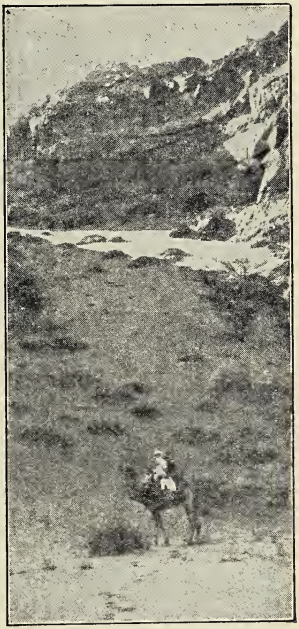
ROCK CARVINGS DISCOVERED BY HASSANEIN BEY.

at Arkenu, though at times the people of Owenat took their camels there to graze.

Perhaps the strangest things which Hassanein saw at Owenat were some carvings. Long ago some one had cut on the side of the rocks the forms of lions, giraffes, gazelles, ostriches, and other animals. What surprised Hassanein was that there was no camel among them, and this made him think that perhaps in former times this part of the desert had been fertile land where wild animals were plentiful but camels were not known. He remembered that in one part of his journey he had seen a petrified forest—that is, great trunks of trees which had turned to stone. Some of the Bedouin, too, whom he had met had told him that when they were children grass and shrubs grew in places where now all was sand.

On leaving Owenat Hassanein and his men had to cross a part of the desert where for 270 miles there was no well, and not a drop of water was to be had except what they took with them. All

their travelling had to be done by night. Rocky country and great sand dunes hindered their progress. Several times the guides lost their way, and soon they were very short of water. They struggled on now for dear life, weary and footsore, and at last to their great joy they reached a well. Here they could rest awhile and refill their water skins.



By courtesy of Hassanein Bey.
IN THE VALLEY OF ERDI.

For many weeks they had seen nothing but rocks and sand all around them, but after leaving the well they came presently to country where the ground was covered with grass and there was almost as much water as they wanted. So they travelled on till they came to the Erdi and Eneba hills. Since leaving Owenat they had not seen a single human being, but in this hilly country they met some of the black tribes of whom they had been warned. The first blacks they met were very suspicious of the strangers who had come out of the desert. However, they did not attack Hassanein, and he and his men pushed on to Furawiya (*Foo-ra-we-ya*), the first village in Darfur. They

arrived on June 2nd—forty-five days after they had left Kufra. They were short of food and in rags, but in good health, and they were in high spirits, for they had done what they set out to do, and their troubles were now over.

The British Governor of Darfur sent them fresh supplies of food and clothing, and he and his officers gave them a hearty welcome when they arrived at El Fasher, the capital of Darfur. Hassanein had still nearly 400 miles to go before he reached the railway at El Obeid. There the party broke up. It was a great journey that Hassanein had made. Since leaving Sollum six months before he had travelled 2,200 miles by camel caravan, crossing the whole of the Libyan Desert from north to south, and exploring many hundreds of miles of unknown country.

Travellers have few opportunities of making such journeys in Africa nowadays. Since the old Portuguese navigators made their pioneer voyages along the coast of Africa between 400 and 500 years ago, the main features of the interior have become well known. Most of the African continent has come under the rule of the white races. Railways have been built into the interior; steamers have been placed on the great rivers and lakes. Much detailed exploring work remains to be done, but there are no longer any big blank spaces on the map of Africa. The "Dark Continent," as it used to be called, is now illumined by the light of knowledge, thanks to the courage and endurance of the men whose adventures have been described in this book, and of many other travellers who have shared in the great work of the exploration of Africa.

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